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APRIL, 1943

The Re-Education of Germany.....Cecil Lewis
St. Columba and His Book.....Kathleen Cuffe Mackenzie
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The Eloquence of Churchill.....Gilbert Norwood

Letters in Canada: 1942.....Edited by Philip Child
Poetry.....E. K. Brown
Fiction.....J. R. MacGillivray
Drama.....W. S. Milne
French-Canadian Letters.....W. E. Collin
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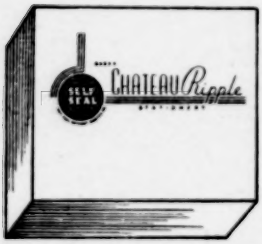

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THE RE-EDUCATION OF GERMANY

CECIL LEWIS

AMID all the discussion of war-aims by the statesmen and writers of the United Nations there is one point, and perhaps one point alone, upon which a large measure of agreement has been reached. It is that the German people must be re-educated. President Roosevelt demands in his 1943 Message to Congress that the Germans shall abandon their philosophy. Vice-President Wallace calls for "the supervision or at least the inspection" of German schools. Even Lord Vansittart of the Foreign Office, who has produced probably the most vehement of all the denunciations of the Germans, thinks that such a process can be carried out. "Nothing in history is impossible. The soul of a people *can* be changed. Other peoples have performed the feat. Why not Germany? Because she has not yet really tried."

The demand is insistent, but it is vague. It is usually couched in the one word, "re-education." There is little evidence that anyone has examined the problem and faced its difficulties. There must be few precedents for the successful application of an educational programme by victors to vanquished. Three nations tried it for more than a century in the case of Poland. We know now that not even the "efficient" Prussians succeeded in eradicating the national spirit of the Poles within the Prussian borders. Judging from facts given in the biography of Mme Curie by her daughter, the ruthless methods of Czarist Russia were ludicrously ineffectual. Austrian supervision and inspection of Polish and Czech schools does not appear to have been very successful. Twenty years of Italian re-education in Southern Tirol made not the slightest impression upon the loyalty of the inhabitants to their Austrian motherland. It is clear that if fanatical nationalism in Germany is the cause of recurrent wars in Europe, it will be, if not impossible, at any rate extraordinarily difficult to find an educational cure.

But shall we ever have the chance to try the cure? If German resistance is prolonged to the uttermost, bringing about a total collapse, we may find various members of the German body attempting to escape from "Germany" by accepting fusion with neighbouring victorious powers, just as in 1918 the Succession States escaped from "Austria-Hungary." No German will wish to remain

a German and share the burdens of a crushing defeat. The separatist movements of the Rhineland and Bavaria, so conspicuous after the last war, may revive with more strength, and with much more encouragement from abroad than before. It has even been suggested that a resurgent France might desire the increase of strength that the Rhineland would seem to bring her. In such an event it would be extremely difficult to discriminate between the fugitive members and the diminished Germany that would still bear that name. Austria will almost certainly be detached from Germany as the result of an overwhelming vote. Yet some Austrians, from Hitler down, bear a large share of responsibility for the breakdown of European order and the outbreak of war. Some Austrians have become true Nazis, and as the name of Seyss-Inquart reminds us, have taken a full part in the torturing of subjugated countries. "Germany" has in the course of history continually changed its geographical outline. It may be difficult to prevent further changes when the collapse comes, and it may be very hard indeed to decide what portions of Central Europe constitute Germany and are thus liable to compulsory re-education.

I

Let us, however, make the daring assumption that there will exist a clear-cut Germany of guaranteed and stable frontiers for a sufficient length of time to enable us to launch the experiment. We shall have to diagnose the trouble, to state what is the spiritual disorder from which the Germans are suffering.

The History of German Instability. Concerning the history of this spiritual disorder there are two schools of thought, or at any rate of opinion. The one sees the entire history of Germany from the time of Tacitus as one uninterrupted series of unprovoked wars. The German of today is still the savage Teuton who in the Teutoburg Forest fell treacherously upon the unoffending Romans, whose presence so far from the borders of Italy is for this purpose left unexplained. By a severe concentration upon German violence in the remoter periods of history, it is possible to create in the mind of the reader the impression that Germans, and Germans alone are responsible for most, or for all, of the wars which have devastated Europe. This school finds no inconsistency in upbraiding Germans for their racialism, while it condemns them root and branch *qua* race. It also leaves unexplained the mysteries of the process

whereby the Englishman, once so closely akin to the savages of Arminius, has contrived to work his way out of darkness into light. Yet it is nearly a century since John Stuart Mill wrote: "Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." In the more modern period these historians dwell upon episodes in the Napoleonic Wars which reflect discredit upon German states and German leaders. The phenomenon of Napoleon himself they usually leave undiscussed. Alternatively they praise him for his great work in helping forward the unification of Germany, which in subsequent chapters they will describe as the root of all evil.

Mill's view, it may be said, receives powerful confirmation from the development of the German settlers in the United States. Perhaps a quarter of the people of that country are of German origin. With the exception of a relatively insignificant number of "Bundists," these people are thoroughly Americanized and are bearing their full part in the defence of civilization. In such states as Wisconsin there must be thousands of loyal citizens who, like Wendell Willkie, are of wholly German descent.

The analysis of the other school presents fewer inconsistencies. In sympathy with Mill, it seeks the causes of German instability in the social and moral influences at work during the past three centuries. The constant, kaleidoscopic changes of frontiers and of political loyalties, with their destructive effect upon the character of countless individual Germans, have brought about the subservience of the majority to an aggressive minority. Look at a series of maps showing the political divisions of Germany at brief intervals during these three hundred years, and you will find that an enormous proportion of the people, in generation after generation, cannot have known any stable political allegiance. Germans have shed more blood in the acquisitive (and often Prussian-provoked) wars since 1740, without bringing more than the most trifling accession of territory to Germany as a whole, than Englishmen in that same period spilled in the building of an empire. In the Napoleonic Wars there was a constant re-alignment of the German states. As much of Germany was for Napoleon as was against him. A third of the Grande Armée in Russia were Germans. The conflict between revolution and reaction, between state and state, produced the most

complete confusion of thought and feeling. The peace settlement of 1815 for the first time placed the Rhineland within the borders of Prussia. In 1866, Prussia seized the kingdom of Hanover, the principalities of Hesse-Cassel and Nassau, the city of Frankfurt and the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The political histories record these changes, but they give us no adequate conception of the bitterness and frustration in the minds of unnumbered Germans, generation after generation, who found themselves torn from one allegiance to another. In many cases the older people were in conflict with the younger, and the hostility between old and young has long been a conspicuous feature of German life. To illustrate the changes in allegiance, let us take the case of a German born in the kingdom of Hanover about the year 1820. He was brought up in a country bound by strong ties to England. In 1837, with the accession of Victoria to the English throne, the tie was broken. In 1866 the Hanoverian became under compulsion a Prussian, and Prussia was now a member of a newly-founded league composed of North German states alone. In 1871 this structure was again enlarged to form the Second Empire, and our aged and *kaisertreu* Hanoverian might well live on to see the rift between Germany and Britain at the end of the century. At no time were the peoples consulted about these territorial changes. The swarms of petty despots in the Germany of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had weighed so heavily upon their peoples that there was no need to seek their assent. The whole nation was habituated to the most servile obedience to the whims of the men who held the power.

Another source of instability was the excessively rapid change in the economic life of Germany in the second half of the nineteenth century. It is well known that Germany's recovery from the Thirty Years' War had been extremely slow. An excellent study of recent date, Professor W. H. Bruford's *Germany in the Eighteenth Century*, makes it clearer than ever how extraordinarily backward Germany was in the social and economic spheres, compared with England and France. The industrial revolution, after 1850, coming so much later than in England, was carried out with more modern machines and was consequently far more rapid and even more unsettling in its influence upon the spiritual life of the country. All nations are dazzled by material prosperity, thinking it a heaven-sent reward for gifts and virtues possessed by them alone. Germany made truly gigantic material progress, and this could only enhance the prestige

and authority of Prussia, which with its Customs Union and its increasing political ascendancy, was held to be largely responsible for it. It is not surprising that Germany should have bred a generation of politicians, soldiers and industrialists more pushing and ruthless than the corresponding classes elsewhere.

All these conditions have conspired to make the people far too tractable to the will of the ruling circles, whether these were the crowned despots of old, or the military, political and industrial chiefs of more recent times. Only if the political and social conditions undergo a drastic change can there be any hope of success for a new educational scheme, however impressive it might in theory appear. But there are still other aspects of Germany's past history which have a bearing on the problem of her future re-education. What of German cultural traditions and German education in the past? To what extent have they been responsible for preparing the German people for Hitlerism?

II

German Cultural Tradition. The term education in a wider sense must include the general spiritual influences as well as the actual instruction of youth in the schools and universities. Books and newspapers, clubs and societies, churches, theatres, the army and many other forces are probably even more powerful in shaping the feelings, the opinions, the judgments and the will of the people than are institutions with a purely educational purpose. This will be even more true of Germany, where the boarding-school scarcely exists, than of Britain.

What is the character and strength of the tradition which lies behind Hitlerism? It is possible to trace from about 1770 the growth of that tradition. It is not true that it is the only spiritual tradition in Germany. Many of the greatest names stand altogether outside it. Goethe, Schiller, Kant and Schopenhauer were cosmopolitan and humane through and through. They do not indulge in extravagant praise of their own race. In Goethe the topic of race or nationality is of little importance, and what he has to say about the Germans is rarely of a character to flatter their self-esteem. Speaking to Eckermann he hopes, but is evidently far from confident, that they may "in a few hundred years" have ceased to be barbarians. Almost all his observations on man in the mass are depreciatory, and the only masses he ever saw, apart from a year

or so in Italy, were German masses. Schiller found little in German social and political conditions to inspire him. He conceived almost his entire literary production as an effort to raise through "aesthetic education" the moral level of German life. The rigorous ethical teaching of Kant was meant to apply to all men and made no exceptions in favour of an *élite* of the kind favoured by writers in the Nazi vein. In the whole range of purely literary creation there are few, surprisingly few writers who could be called sympathetic towards the Nazi philosophy. Among these might be mentioned the noisier poets of the Napoleonic Liberation, in particular Kleist, Arndt, and on occasion Arnim.

Forerunners of Hitlerism. Even among those writers who, as can now be seen, prepared the way for Hitler, many were innocent of any vicious intention. Herder (1744-1804), whose aims were harmless enough, may be considered the originator of the "folk" obsession. He explored and delighted in the manifestations of the spirit of every folk he could lay hands on, not merely of the Germans, but of the Slavs as well. From him derives the vast mass of German writings upon the virtues of the folk, which have moved steadily towards the glorification of the Germans and have long ago cast aside the humane ideals which Herder himself preserved.

In the succeeding generation Fichte preached an extravagant form of national self-worship, which is best shown in the fourth of his famous Addresses to the German Nation. He there claims an immense superiority for the German language over that of another Germanic people (not further specified) whose speech has been ruined as an instrument of clear thought through having been overlaid with Romance elements. Through the gift of their pure and perfect primitive tongue the Germans have developed such wonderful intellectual power that they are able, if only they take the trouble, to master any foreign language better than the natives and even to show them in what respects it might be improved. No German, except the scholar, can ever need to travel beyond the borders of Germany or should be permitted to do so. His contemporary, Jahn, the founder of the gymnastic movement, showed the same spirit and was the leader of a youth organization which in many points resembled the storm troopers of our own day. In yet another contemporary writer, Heinrich von Kleist, is to be found an even more frenzied nationalism, combined with a bloodthirsty hostility towards the French.

Militarism has produced a long line of theorists from Clausewitz to Treitschke, Bernhardi and, in the last decade, Ewald Banse. The first of these developed the theory of total war, which he praised as a thing of beauty not likely, alas! ever to be seen in its full perfection. This line culminates in Banse's joy at the thought of the last ill-armed British soldiers being exterminated on the soil of East Anglia.

It is not surprising that as far back as 1840 Heine should have been moved to deliver to the French his famous warning against disarmament: "The old stone gods will arise from the forgotten ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor with his giant hammer will leap up and smash the Gothic cathedrals." Every important element in modern Nazism can be traced back a full century and a quarter. The worship of a divine leader is to be found in Hegel, Lassalle, Lamprecht, Spengler and Moeller van den Bruck. The racial myth is found in Jahn, Richard Wagner, Eugen Dühring, Lagarde, Houston Stewart Chamberlain and Spengler. The totalitarian state is belauded by Fichte and Schelling. The folk-community and the exaltation of the primitive folk are to be found all the way back to Herder. The superiority of German culture over Western civilization is the theme of Chamberlain, Lagarde and Fichte.

These are only the leaders in the tradition that has controlled the destinies of the nation from the time when Prussia was just beginning to subjugate Germany to the day when Germany herself set out to master the globe. Their ideas have been echoed by innumerable little hangers-on in every generation. It is true enough that sporadic traces of the same ideas can be found in other countries. Carlyle worshipped the "great man" and found in Frederick the Great a fitting object of his adoration. In 1870 he rejoiced in the triumph of "noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany," which he thought "the hopefullest fact of our time." Gobineau's book greatly forwarded the racial myth, with which Kipling, too, shows considerable sympathy. But it is only in Germany that these racial and militaristic ideas occur with such persistence as to justify their being called a tradition. We may fairly describe it as the Nazi tradition, again emphasizing that other and very different currents have flowed in Germany during the same period.

The Schools and Universities. How did the Nazi philosophy come to dominate the nation? Was the school employed as a means

of inculcating these ideas in the masses of German youth? Obviously since 1933 very much warped teaching has been introduced into the schools, and party organizations like the Hitler Youth have carried on with great energy and success the process of perverting the minds of the young. It is, however, more important to discover, if possible, what degree of indoctrination occurred in the schools before 1933 rather than since that date. It was the Germany of that year which surrendered the power to Hitler and made possible the fantastic excesses in the political, social, economic and educational spheres which thereafter made war inevitable. If the coming peace merely restored the educational system of the Weimar years, the same development would be likely to recur.

It must be said emphatically that it is not easy for a foreigner to say exactly what did go on in the schools under the Empire and the Republic. All the teachers were German citizens, and an outsider could scarcely gain entrance to a German school except in the role of a fleeting visitor. A few brief visits to a school are quite inadequate to enable an observer to form any very reliable conclusions about the spirit it imparts to its pupils. As a consequence, most of the foreign literature on the German educational system is far from informative on this vital aspect of the question. It usually concentrates on questions of organization or upon the narrower aspects of pedagogy. A scrutiny of text-books, especially in modern history and in literature, probably affords the best indication of the spirit of the teaching, and an acquaintance with teachers might also be considered of some value in forming a judgment. I myself visited German high schools on many occasions in order to give talks on England to the pupils in modern languages. I have also on several occasions taken a high-school class in English language. For four years I was in close touch with a number of teachers of English in the schools. With due caution I offer the opinion that there was not, in the days before Hitler, any great and sustained effort to instil into the minds of the young those ideas which we associate with the Nazi movement. Such books on history or literature as I have seen do not differ in spirit from the kind of material which is placed in the hands of young people in the Anglo-Saxon countries. Ploetz' manual of history, very widely used for decades, was popular even in Switzerland. The works of Goethe and Schiller have always received far more attention in the literature classes than the frequently obscure and politically dubious Romantics. If book-study were decisive in

fashioning the thoughts and ideals of the young, the Germans could scarcely have failed to develop the humane European spirit extolled by the poets of Weimar.

I came to know very well indeed a number of modern language masters. I never met one who seemed in the smallest degree in sympathy with the arrogant brutality and intolerance of Nazism. If I am mistaken, these men must have been monsters of duplicity. These experiences apply only to a small part of the country, the Rhineland and the province of Baden. It is conceivable that they were not typical of the country as a whole, but it is by no means likely.

It was not, I should say, by a process of deliberate indoctrination that the schools made Germans ripe for Hitlerism. It is far more probable that the cause lies in the failure to develop strong, independent personalities. We have seen how during a very long period the political and social conditions conspired to produce subservience and servility. For much longer than most nations the Germans have possessed a far-flung and "efficient" educational system. The efficiency applies largely to the actual methods of class-room pedagogy, to the thorough and effective teaching of various kinds of technical skill, languages, mathematics, the sciences, etc. Germans themselves have often enough criticized their own schools. For generations it was urged that the work was too abstract and too specialized, that too little attention was paid to the development of the personality. As long ago as 1830 and repeatedly since that date the complaint was made that the pupils were overworked to the detriment of their health, and that they were crammed with information which could be of little practical use. It must be admitted that one does very frequently encounter in Germany the "walking encyclopaedia" type, eager upon the slightest provocation to ladle out facts on every subject under the sun, but decidedly deficient in the critical faculty. From Goethe on many Germans have themselves remarked that young Englishmen and Frenchmen were, as personalities, more mature and impressive than their German contemporaries. It is interesting to observe that the reform suggested usually goes no deeper than a re-allotment of the time available for the teaching of various subjects. Little attempt was made to mitigate the rigours of a purely intellectual training until Hitler arrived and set about abolishing the intellect altogether.

The teachers were marvellously well equipped for the intellectual side of their task, but they had practically no dealings with the boys outside the class-room. The debating society, the camera or chess club, the games field, did not exist in the German school. Knowledge alone does not make an education. The unpopularity of the school in Germany, especially as revealed in the literature of the last fifty years, may reasonably be taken to indicate its failure as a truly educational force. I cannot recall a single German work of literature which deals kindly with schools or school-life. School seems to mean a soulless grind enforced by dull pedants. It may well be that the rigid uniformities of a vast, mechanically organized system, which has existed for a much longer time than that of any other country, have failed to check the tendency towards the herd-mind.

What of the universities? When Hitler seized power, they had enjoyed freedom for a hundred years. Although the governments supplied the funds, the professors were chosen for their academic fitness and were free from interference. "Objectivity," the strict pursuit of the truth, these were their watchwords throughout a century of marvellous progress in science and scholarship. The most famous battle for this academic freedom was fought, strangely enough, against an Englishman upon a German throne. In 1837 the King of Hanover, till lately Duke of Cumberland, ejected seven eminent Göttingen professors for objecting to his unconstitutional actions.

Treitschke, it is true, blinded by his new-found Prussian fervour, sought in his *History* to turn every event of the recent past into one more proof of the glory of Prussia. But his influence was far stronger among the non-academic jingo society of Berlin than among the historians, and he founded no "school." There has been no other case remotely resembling that of Treitschke. The number of really eminent university teachers on the side of Hitler was quite insignificant both before and after his seizure of control. Racial "science" was not developed in the universities, and even after 1933 Jewish scholars were frequently offered what support and protection it lay in the power of their Aryan colleagues to give. In this case, too, let it be suggested that if the universities were at fault, it was not because of deliberately vicious teaching on any large scale. It may be, however, that learned professors, too intent upon their own frequently recondite researches, did not bestow the

necessary attention upon the development of the minds and personalities of their students. Indeed, it was often their boast that they concentrated upon developing pure scholars, which means that they had little to say to a large proportion of their hearers. The chapter on the universities in Dibelius' well-known book on England confirms this personal impression.

The dominant social caste, too, rarely attempted to acquire a humane education. They flocked to the fashionable Korps in Bonn and Heidelberg and enrolled in Jurisprudence, drinking and duelling away their time for two or three years until it became necessary to cram the contents of the Civil Code as a preparation for their entrance, under distinguished protection, upon a career in the administrative machinery of the state.

Nazified Youth. The deliberate miseducation of youth during the past ten years presents problems of a very different kind. Nazism has for ten years completely dominated the lives of all Germans up to the age of at least twenty-five years. Racial "science" has been taught in schools which segregated or expelled the Jew. The cult of the great man, the heroic Hitler, has been practised in school and outside it. The change began very early, for in 1934 the teaching of German history underwent drastic revision. Charlemagne, till then the greatest hero of Germany's remoter past, was now attacked and discredited as the propagator of Christianity among the pagan Saxons. In spite of the protests of eminent historians like Hampe of Heidelberg University, a determined effort was made to introduce the Nazi scheme of values into the schools. Far more important was the influence of specifically Nazi organizations, such as the Hitler Youth. *Das Führerschulungswerk*, by Reimund Schnabel, published in 1938, gives some idea of the persistence with which the Hitler creed was hammered into the young. This little book offers guiding-lines for the discussion of racial, political and religious questions in study groups for boys and girls of school age who are supposed to represent the *élite* of the nation. Twelve thousand of these boy and girl leaders took part in the groups during the year 1937-8. The method pursued was not really that of discussion, of the weighing of the evidence on both sides of a question. The preface admonishes the instructors not to leave any question open, but to confront their pupils with "the results of unimpeachable and exact scientific research." In fifty pages the book presents brief summaries in the

familiar Nazi vein upon no less than twenty-five such topics as: "The Teutons—barbarous or civilized?"—"The East, Germany's land of destiny"—"The People arise against Rome"—"Moscow threatens the peace of Europe"—"Fourteen states surround the Reich"—"Methods of National Socialist foreign policy"—"The Jewish question as a problem of world politics."

Here there can be no doubt about the attempt to fill the minds of boys and girls with a sense of their racial superiority, of the wickedness of Jews, Czechs and Russians, and the unique glory of the soldierly virtues. It is asserted that Germany needs more vital space, and that England is probably on the downward path. Hitler has successfully tackled the job of removing the "infamous" Treaty of Versailles; the Japanese are quite rightly carving out an empire in China, and so forth. This book is probably mild indeed, compared with the kind of stuff that has been driven into the heads of less intelligent pupils such as the vast mass of the labour corps in which hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of Germans have served. There is excellent evidence that in some, at least, of the labour camps, young men were deliberately subjected to teaching intended to turn them into brutal toughs. The machine-gunning heroes of the German air force were getting a very novel kind of ground-training long before they ran amok in Poland. To undo the work of the Hitler Youth is likely to be the most difficult task of all.

III

The Treatment of Germany after the War. If re-education is to be attempted, it must be made to harmonize with the general peace conditions imposed by the United Nations. By the Atlantic Charter, the proclamation of the Four Freedoms and other pronouncements of our leaders, we seem already to be committed to certain policies in regard to the Germany of the future. The Nazi leaders and the war-criminals are to be punished, but the German people have been promised fair treatment. In effect this means that, just as we shall prevent them from again attacking their neighbours, we shall also guarantee them against encroachments upon their territory; we offer to share with them such prosperity as it may be possible to restore after the destruction wrought by the war; and we hope that the new Germany will eventually of its own choice come to desire peace with a new Europe and a new world.

It is clear that this reconciliation can be based only upon the honest and, as far as possible, complete fulfilment of our commitments. If we do not by just treatment strive to win Germany to our side in a spiritual sense, our only hope of preserving the peace would be to treat that country forever as one gigantic prison-camp. Disregarding altogether the moral objections to such a course, it may be said at once that such a policy of ruthless and unending repression never could be a success. After fifty years we should still be no safer from a renewal of German aggression than after five years, and it is most unlikely that we should possess the tenacity of purpose, the fanaticism, to maintain such a policy. The moment the bolts and bars of their prison were removed, they would prepare to renew the attack. The policy of re-education, in its broadest sense, therefore involves a sincere attempt by the United Nations to carry into effect the promises they have already made to the German people.

Re-education is inseparably linked with the military, political and economic aspects of the peace settlement. Military force will be needed in order to impose the framework within which Germany will start its career in the post-war period. If we restore and maintain the political frontiers which existed before the seizure of Austria, permitting no defection by Bavaria, the Rhineland or any other area which may be tempted to secede, we shall prevent the rise of an otherwise inevitable agitation for re-union at a later date. We must keep Germany in a state of complete disarmament, however drastic at first the necessary measures might seem. It may even be necessary to police the country internally for a period of years. It was proved after the last war by the Allied armies of occupation that this can be done without inflicting the slightest injury or loss of dignity upon individual Germans. There will doubtless be screams of indignation at the "insult to German honour," but we ought very emphatically to point out that the mild restraints of military occupation are far less damaging to a true sense of honour than the maintenance of concentration camps by Germans for Germans as part of the preparation for war. The more absolute our military control of Germany, the more powerfully will she be impressed by those steps in other spheres of policy which reveal the desire of the victorious nations to deal justly with the defeated. Whatever concessions, particularly in the economic field, it may be possible from time to time to make, should be made

with the utmost promptness. Only so will it be possible to convince an increasing number of Germans that the other nations are animated by goodwill. One of the reasons for the disaster to the Peace of Versailles was that it was neither enforced with firmness nor abrogated with dignity. We must thereafter show those Germans who "respect nothing but force," that we possess force and are capable of exercising restraint in the use of it.

This peace of justice and firmness is the essential basis of re-education, indeed, it constitutes in itself the re-education of Germany in the wider sense. If we do not grant justice, we shall have to take over the whole apparatus of Himmler and Goebbels in a futile effort to "condition" the Germans to the acceptance of tyranny. If we do not exercise firmness, the most perfect schemes for the education of young Germany will be thwarted and sabotaged at every turn. It will not be easy for the United Nations to exercise any very powerful direct influence through the schools and universities. The teachers must inevitably be Germans. Even if the United Nations possessed the requisite hundred thousand teachers combining a perfect knowledge of German with the necessary attributes of character, they would be confronted with a solid wall of opposition from the entire community. This would make necessary the use of fear, which is scarcely a humanizing influence. Obviously the schools and universities must be manned by Germans, and these Germans must come to be in sympathy with the peace. They, like their fellow-Germans at large, must see before them, at however great a distance, the possibility that their country may take its place in full equality beside the victorious nations. The only measures that could be adopted by other nations in connection with German education would be largely of a negative character. They might prevent the employment of obviously undesirable teachers, and they might exercise a form of supervision over the literature and textbooks.

The most important task of all could be attempted only by Germans. They ought to set aside the ideal of mere efficiency and thoroughness in the process of dinning book-learning into the heads of young people, and attach more importance than in the past to developing a sense of spiritual values. One could quote many German writers who would agree with this policy.

IV

The problem may be again stated briefly in these terms. We must recognize that there has long existed in German society a fanatically nationalist core which has been able, because of favouring historical conditions, to work its will upon the mass of the nation. Education has been only one, and perhaps not the most important, of the means by which this mastery has been maintained. The schools have been at fault, not because they deliberately taught pernicious doctrines, but because they failed to build character. Immense difficulties stand in the way of any attempt to cure the trouble. The Allies must impose the political framework within which enlightened Germans can set about the task of reforming all those institutions which guide public opinion or shape the character of the people. To deal with education alone would be futile. The United Nations must pursue a generous, though firm policy in regard to the general settlement. If the forces of true liberalism receive the military and moral support necessary to the performance of their task during the long period it will require, the nation as a whole may yet work its way into harmony with the spirit of Europe. Until we are quite sure that this goal has been reached, let us remember, as Heine told the French a century ago, that amid all the revelry of the gods upon Olympus, one goddess remained armed. She was the Goddess of Wisdom.

ST. COLUMBA AND HIS BOOK

KATHLEEN CUFFE MACKENZIE

BATTLES have been fought and brave and innocent men have died for many foolish reasons—for the beauty of women, for love of false glory, for economic greed or to gain territory, for a fancied insult to a flag, for *Jenkins's Ear*, for the theft of a bucket; now and then in the cause of civilization and liberty. But perhaps only once was a battle fought for a book. Only in a country where books were once prized more than glory, more than power, did a Prince and a Saint steal a book and go to war for its sake.

Some time in the dawn of Christianity St. Finnian of Moville had returned from the continent bringing with him his translation of the Psalms. His pupil, known as Columcille to his countrymen, but as St. Columba to a wider world, envied St. Finnian the possession of the translation. He begged Finnian to allow him to make a copy for himself. Finnian niggardly refused the request of Columcille whose haughty nature had never learned to take no for an answer. A copy he would have. Night after night he stole into the cell where Finnian kept his book and by rushlight began to copy it. It was almost finished when one night Finnian, desiring to look at his book, found the thief at work. Columcille felt no remorse at being caught and refused to give his hardly earned copy to Finnian, saying that he would take the matter up with Diarmit, the High King of Ireland. But the Brehon laws were just and Diarmit administered them well. He gave a verdict against his kinsman in these famous words: "To every cow its calf, to every book its son-book, therefore the copy o' Columcille belongs to Finnian."

Passionate anger flooded the soul of Columcille. Gathering his priestly robe about him, hiding in its folds his copy of Finnian's book, he fled over the hills to his cousins the provincial Kings of Cinel Connaill and Cinel Eoghain and asked them to rise against their over-lord. The O'Donnells were never loth to go to war, and a great battle was fought at Drum-cliff where three thousand men laid down their lives for a book. Then, and only then, did Columba repent his theft. His remorse was so great that he resolved to go into exile and win as many souls to God as he had lost in the civil war of his making.

The land of the Picts, called Alba by the Irish and known as rude Caledonia to Agricola and his army, was not far away. Not long before a colony of Irish Scots had settled there under the leadership of Columba's Uncle, Fergus Mor. At first the colony had prospered but on its further encroachment into Alba the Picts had risen against it, and Fergus Mor having died, its weak king had submitted to the over-lordship of the Pictish King. To nourish the colony back to life was one reason for Columba choosing Alba for his field of work. Taking twelve disciples with him, he bade farewell to Erin. As the frail coracle bore him over the waves, Columba's sad heart broke into song.

> How swiftly is the speed of my coracle
> Its stern towards Derry,
> I grieve at my errand o'er the noble sea
> Travelling to Alba of the Ravens.

His pain at leaving his home was such that he felt that wherever he found a haven his eyes must not rest on Ireland. He landed at Islay, Oronsay and Colonsay, but scanning the horizon he could still see the blue line that meant Ireland. The little boat went on until he came to the Island we know as Iona but known to the Gaels as I or Hy. Once more he landed to find that at last he had turned his back on the land he loved.

Although no trace of Columba's monastery is seen, it is not difficult for those of us who have played among the little ecclesiastical cities of Ireland to picture the monastery of Iona. The plan was the same except that the monastery of Iona was "of clay and wattles made" while the Irish monasteries from the earliest days were built of stone. Very loving care was given to the building of Iona's first church. Only the finest trees formed its outside walls; the thatched roof was made from the beautiful purple heather for which Iona is famous. The sacristy opened from one side, and there the bell which formed so important a place in early Celtic monastic life was hung. In the refectory was a large fireplace in front of which stood a jar of water ready to wash the tired feet of the pilgrims. Near by stood the kitchens, further away rose the barns and the stables. The individual huts of the monks were set within the enclosure. A little apart on higher ground Columba's hut was placed, his door facing Mull's grand hills, eternal sentinels keeping watch over the tiny settlement.

Columba knew that before his work began among the Picts, he

must win the consent of King Brude to the conversion of his subjects to Christianity. Shortly after his coming to Iona two of his friends came from Ireland to see him, Comgall, Abbot of "Bangor-of-the-Crested-Peaks," and Caineach, known later as St. Kenneth of Scotland. Both Comgall and Caineach spoke the Pictish tongue and had Pictish relations. They decided to accompany Columba on his journey through the great glen of Alban. It was a journey fraught with danger. The primeval forests were filled with wild beasts. Dark lowering mountains fenced the long continuous line of lochs, now linked by the Caledonian Canal, and over all brooded a sense of perils known and unknown.

In time, however, they arrived at the Castle of Brude, situated on the shore of Loch Ness. The gates were strongly guarded by soldiers who refused the three weary men admittance. But Columba, lifting his hand, made the sign of the cross and immediately, to the astonishment and fear of the sentries, the gates flew open and Columba and his friends entered into the courtyard. King Brude, anxious and curious to know what this portent foreshadowed, came down to the gate. He was met by three courtly strangers who begged to be allowed to rest. Columba was then at the height of his splendid manhood. His face was broad and fair with large luminous grey eyes. His head was noble and covered with curls except for the Irish tonsure, his bearing held a grandeur, "a something terrible" as the Marquis of Bute writes, "that made even those who loved him best approach him with awe." With consummate tact he went about his conference with Brude, but in that first interview he held his sword in his hand, concealed by his long white woollen robe.

King Brude was not a savage but a shrewd intelligent man who saw that the strangers wished only good to his people. Therefore, if the God of the stranger would improve their rude lives, he was willing to see them converted, but first Columba must show him that his God was superior in wisdom to the god of the Druids. This Columba set about to do.

The early Celtic Church wished to bring men to God by love—the god of the Picts, as taught by the Arch-Druid, ruled by fear. In civilization the Picts were far behind their distant cousins the Irish Scots. Their gods were demons who lived in the wells, in the stars, but especially in the storms which swept over the lands. Thunder, lightning and the wind were their voices from which their

worshippers cowered in fear. Columba used only simple means to remove their terror, such as blessing a well where a demon lived, then filling a cup with its water, drinking it while the Picts looked on. A keen observer of nature and her moods, he saw when a coming storm was full of danger or just a passing gust. One day when he knew the wind would change, he took his coracle and steering it into the teeth of the wind, waited until it veered round in his favour, then, turning his boat, sailed back to shore.

The great beauty and strength of his voice was another of his assets. One evening while chanting his evening hymn the Arch-Druid tried to prevent it being heard, but the stupendous voice—"great was its sweetness"—soared on, and to the listening Picts it was the voice of a god.

Watching Columba closely, Brude decided that his God had a better influence over his subjects than the gods of Briochan, the Arch-Druid. He gave him permission to continue his teaching and to build monasteries throughout the Islands. In this way began the civilization of the turbulent race that had so long defied the legions of Rome.

It cannot be said that Columba was enamoured by the people he wished to convert. In one of those small poems where he wrote his reflections, he shows his distaste for their uncleanly habits, their rude manners and the many diseases he found among them. A cry of homesickness broke from him. "I would liefer die in Erin than have life forever in Alba." Nevertheless he did not lay down the task he had taken up. We see him through other eyes "sitting at the prow of his coracle steering through the misty archipelago and narrow lakes, bearing from Isle to Isle and from shore to shore light, justice and truth, the life of the conscience and the soul."

Although Columba had come to Iona with no further thought than converting the Picts to Christianity, a dream of great magnitude soon began to form in his mind, a Kingdom formed from the union of Scot and Pict. It was a subtle policy Columba intended to pursue in this hoped-for union of Picts and Scots from Hibernia. With the sensitive vision of a statesman he saw that the first and strongest link in that union lay in spreading Christianity among the Picts, thus drawing them closer to the alien race which had settled among them and, while converting the Picts, carefully nourishing the political life of the newcomers. Eleven years after he came to Iona he was able to strengthen the cause of the Irish Scots. King

Connal, who had submitted to the over-lordship of Brude, having died, Columba ruthlessly thrust aside the rightful heir to the throne and summoning Aidan, his own choice, to Iona, crowned him King of the Scots on the Druid Stone of Destiny which now lies in Westminster Abbey. In the meantime he and his monks, with the consent of King Brude, were founding new monasteries and spreading Christianity among the Picts.

During those crowded years Columba's troubled heart had found peace. Like David he had sinned greatly, but like David he had repented greatly. Already he had won for Christ more souls than he had lost in his battle for a book. Often in his dreams he was back in Ireland sitting on the pinnacle of a headland listening to the thunder of the waves as they beat against the rocks, or wandering over the meadows hearing the sough of the wind in the trees "like the strings of a harp being played." The day came when he knew he must return to Erin in the cause of the Scots; under his guidance Aidan was proving a firm and resolute ruler and the roots of the colony were growing strong. But the little kingdom was hard pressed by having to pay a double tribute, one to the King of the Picts, the other to the mother country. Columba knew that if he gained the consent of King Aedh, the Ruler of all Ireland, to the full independence of the colony, Brude's consent would follow, and the Scots would be free to work out their destiny—the union of the Kingdoms of Picts and Scots.

It was with conflicting feelings that Columba saw his coracle plunge through the waves of Lough Foyle and draw nearer to the blue line which meant the shores of Ireland. Prudently he had brought with him a retinue large enough to convince the Assembly he was to meet at "Drum-Ceat of Fair Heroes" that he had not returned as a suppliant asking pardon for his theft of a book and the civil war which followed, but as a founder of a Church whose missionaries went forth even "unto the frozen seas," and that he had also brought with him a King of his own making, whose cause he had come to plead.

The Assembly at Drum-Ceat was one of splendour and if, as Ruskin tells us, wherever men are noble bright colours are worn, then the Assembly of Drum-Ceat was truly noble. All the colours of the rainbow were seen in the flowing cloaks, tunics and kilts worn by the High King, provincial Kings and Nobles, from the glory of the royal purple made as the Tyrian purple was made from the

tiny sac of purple matter found in certain shell-fish, to the exquisite crimson and blue of such illuminated books as the Books of Kells and Durrow. Much gold was worn, for in those days Erin was rich in gold—each king wore a crown of gold set low on his head like a cap but having high enamelled gold fillets that rose above the crown like rays of light. Beautiful earrings swung from their ears, and about their necks they wore torques of twisted gold such as Sir Flinders Petrie found at Gaza, lying deep in the sand of fifteen hundred years before the coming of Christ, testifying to the influence Early Irish art had on the East.

As Columba approached the great fort of Drum-Ceat, leaning on the arm of the young Scots king, the High King "immediately rose before him and bade him welcome, saluting him on both cheeks, and sat him down in his own place." Columba wasted no time in taking up his theme, the cause of the Scots' colony. His eloquence has passed into Gaelic speech, "Let the tongue of Columba be in my head, let the tongue of Columba be in my speech." His tongue was never more golden than in that hour. He pointed out the pride the Mother Country should have in its colony, making firm its roots by giving it full independence. For this he promised in return that in time of war the Scots would make Ireland's cause their own. So was gained the full independence of the Scots.

Before leaving for Iona, he was able to settle another question for which civilization is also in his debt. The Bards of Ireland, conscious of the greatness of their office, had grown greedy. Poetry then was not only an expression of imaginative verse, it was also the language used by the lawyers, historians and genealogists of the Clans. Columba, being a poet, realized that if the Irish Bards were suppressed, civilization would suffer a great loss. He suggested that their number should be reduced, but he emphatically declared that they should be paid for their service. "God Himself," he said, "did buy thrice fifty Psalms of Praise from David." Thus through his common sense the Irish Sagas were saved to enrich the literature of Europe.

Once again he turned his back on Ireland. His work in Iona was not finished. New monasteries must be built, new paths found, in which to spread the tidings of the "White Christ." All through these years he had kept his friendship with King Brude. To lose this friendship would place the future union of Pict and Scot in jeopardy, and Aidan still needed his guidance. From his

monastery at Iona he kept in touch with all that was going on, his envoys—his monks—returning to him to relate the affairs of the colony and the happenings at Brude's Court. On receiving their news he either acted swiftly or drew back waiting for a better moment to further his policy.

In this evening of his life he found time to return to his books. His passion for reading he expressed in these words, "That I might search the books all that would be good for my soul." He had, however, an equal passion for writing. Twenty-six of his Irish poems have been edited, others are in manuscript, some are in the Bodleian Library, others are found in many libraries on the Continent. He wrote in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; his greatest poem in Latin, the "Altus Prosator," edited by the late Marquis of Bute, has been compared by him to the "Dies Irae." The flaming words peal out, and in the last verse Columba is seen standing face to face with his God—

> Zeal of the Lord, consuming fire
> Shall whelm the foes, amazed and dumb,
> Whose stony hearts will not receive
> That Christ hath from the Father come
> But we shall soar our Lord to meet
> And so with Him shall ever be
> To reap the due reward amidst
> The glories of eternity.

The night was closing in. He confesses he is tired and wishes to go home to the peace of Heaven. One night the summons came. While sitting in his hut engaged on one of his many translations, he suddenly laid down his pen saying "Here I finish." A little while after he was found lying peacefully at the foot of the altar he had built.

He had not finished. In all truth the Gaelic saying can be said of him, I too have turned my face to the wind and cast my handful of seed on high—seed that was to multiply until all creeds wished to claim him. He belonged to all, and to this day men of all climes, all faiths, travel to Iona, the cradle of their faith to see.

To the end his thoughts turned to the land of his birth. To the end he was an Irishman. He had given, as he said, his learning, his honour, his very self to his work among the Picts, but "To the men of Erin my glory." All that he had dreamed and planned came to pass. His statesmanship left a strong and sure foundation for the union of Scot and Pict, won not by the sword but by draw-

ing together the points of similarity found between the two races—their love of music and of poetry, and of nature, the mysticism which lay at the root of their remote but common origin, but especially by his wisdom in uniting the faith of the Druids to that of the Christians. So that when Kenneth McAlpine, half Pict and half Scot by birth, ascended the throne of the Scots, a nation was born of the mingled blood of Pict and Irish Scot, a nation which Columba had foreseen would take a definite and great place in the future civilization of the world.

Wandering one day in the National Museum of Dublin, which houses so much that is rare and beautiful in Pagan and Christian Ireland, I saw the silver shrine which had held the "Cathach" or Battle Book of the O'Donnells, the copy of Finnian's book given to his kinsmen by Columba after the battle of Drum-Cliff. For centuries it had been carried in front of the army of the O'Donnells as they went forth to war "by one who was as free from human sin as possible." Not long ago an O'Donnell gave the book to the Royal Irish Academy where it now lies at rest—a little brown book, the Cinderella of Irish books, bearing the scars of the many battles it had led—just a small gnarled brown book, but one which had helped to build a nation and light a lamp of civilization. And, stooping down, I kissed the Battle Book.

VALUE IN THE NOVEL TODAY

M. M. Kirkwood

MR FRANK SWINNERTON, in an article published in the *Spectator* for July 10, 1942, has as his text the bankruptcy of the modern novel. His position reminds one of that taken up by Mr Ford Madox Ford's great-aunt Eliza when she uttered the famous saying, "Sooner than be idle, I'd take up a book and read"! Himself a serious practitioner in the field of fiction, and a critic well aware of the achievements in technique among modern novelists, he yet believes that the modern novel lacks creative power and imaginative sympathy, significance, in short—greatness. Here he puts a case popularly which has been stated in more academic ways by writers of different shades of opinion over a considerable period. Yet, in spite of the weight of the arguments advanced by attackers of twentieth-century work, it may not prove necessary to share Mr Swinnerton's downcast mood. Certain novels have appeared, the quality of which will only be fully assessed by time, but which bear genuine marks of power and of life beyond today. Thus significance may be emerging from those very tendencies condemned by the critics although, blinded by the light of the established masterpiece, reader and critic alike may fail to see the beauty of its analogue as it slips from the press of today into their hands.

It is important, in attempting an estimate of one or other modern novel, to note and appreciate the chief lines of attack in connection with the theme, the Novel's Decline and Fall. One may start with the group of so-called Humanists, choosing Lawrence Hyde as fairly representative. In his *Prospects of Humanism* (1929) he includes a considerable discussion of the modern novel, which he chooses to describe, with good ground, as predominantly naturalistic. He quotes Chekhov to illustrate this trend: "Fiction is called artistic because it draws life as it actually is. Its aim is absolute and honest truth." Mr Hyde considers that naturalistic aims and methods are responsible for an endless catalogue of dispassionate studies of life which, although adding to our understanding, fail of ultimate greatness because the life described is extended horizontally and not, so to speak, vertically. Modern fiction lacks depth, he maintains, and the lack of depth is due to the failure in interpre-

tation on the part of the writer. Chekhov is quoted again to indicate this weakness:

> Remember that the writers whom we call eternal or simply good and who intoxicate us have one common and very important characteristic: they get somewhere, and they summon you there, and you feel, not with your mind, but with your whole being, that they have a certain purpose and, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, do not come and excite the imagination for nothing .... The best of them are realistic and paint life as it is, but every line is permeated, as with a juice, by awareness of a purpose; you feel, besides life as it is, also life as it ought to be, and this captivates you.

After the Humanists come the Communists. In his *Coming Struggle for Power* (1932) Mr John Strachey developed the now familiar argument that the modern world is only clearly understood, and the fiction produced in it is only accurately judged, in relation to the economic forces which have created both. To disregard the significance of capitalism is to fail of statesmanship if a man is in politics; to write about society as if there were no issue to social conflicts is to be decadent. And Mr R. D. Charques sets forth the case fully in his volume, *Contemporary Literature and Social Revolution* (1933). He writes, "No imaginative writer, in fact, is lacking in an attitude to society, a point of view in regard to the ordering of society"; and after expounding his view of the successive cultures of Europe, all dependent on this or that economic set-up, he goes on to criticize the novelist of the Galsworthy type. He asks whether the all-seeing eye and the all-understanding heart are enough, and points out "the limitations of that view in an age in which economic conflict is so devouring a reality and takes so large a toll of human suffering." He maintains that there is "neither vision nor understanding in this serene indifference to fact." To those who know the full canon of Galsworthy's work, this estimate will seem unfair, but Mr Charques is thinking of the best-known novels. These, and the fiction of the greater part of the Galsworthy period, he goes on to damn finally. Mr Charques agrees with Sir Michael Sadler, in *Modern Art and Revolution*, "Art, like a university, is in great part an appendage to a prevailing economic order." He asserts: "The first reality was, until recently, in the hands of the Deity; the other reality has been for more than a century at the disposal of those who wielded economic power, and only now promises to become the concern of society as a whole." He maintains that "a philosophy which declares that men enjoy equal liberties of behaviour and conscience supports an economic

system which still insists on the survival of the fittest." And he contends that, if this be true, the imaginative literature which remains absorbed with so-called "spiritual" values will become unreal, the empty pastime of the idle hour. He concludes: "A literature which pursues an ideal of individual happiness in a society in which injustice is triumphant—this is a literature which may surely be judged by other than aesthetic standards."

While the new Humanist may contend that purpose is the all-important element in the creation of fiction, and the Communist may assert that the essential feature is the author's interpretation of contemporary economic and political data, there remains the large, indeed much the largest, group of critics of fiction who may be described as merely literary and who still claim the validity of the aesthetic approach. These men and women make it their business to examine works of the imagination as they appear in the different fields, noting variations and innovations in technique, emphasizing success in expression as they recognize it, and bringing into clear light any grandeur of conception or significance of theme they may find. The interesting point to note in the large body of this last kind of criticism is the terminology now employed and the far-reaching way in which it is applied. Attention is still given to major features in the novel, such as plot, characterization, setting and style, but a great part of the discussion is commonly concerned with value-judgments—and value is searched out in connection with all the elements of the work. The critic's final estimate of a novel is apt to turn upon his judgment as to whether the values involved in and implied by situation, characterization and dialogue, seem to him universal, and universality is taken to have clear reference to economic and social factors. It is evident that the literary critic has felt the impact, both of the attacks of Humanist and Communist, and of the disintegration, decadence, conflict and unease in our society which Humanistic creed and Communistic manifesto are designed to correct and resolve. It is as if the man of letters has absorbed the social critic's point of view without embracing the theory that led to it.

An excellent discussion of the issues involved occurs in *The Novel and the Modern World* by David Daiches (1939). The author's premises are that "all civilization depends upon some schematization of reality," that "truth is a convention," and that "it is this public truth which provides the artist with his means of communi-

cation." His theme is that when public truth declines, and "the community of belief about value" breaks up into "innumerable private truths," blank periods in literature are sure to follow. The artist in such a time, being puzzled as to the selection of a subject, tends to concentrate upon communication. He either uses his skill to try to make his individual standard of value appear objective or he attempts to compensate by technique for his lack of values. Now while Mr Daiches is quite fair to the frequently exquisite art of such writers in our time, it is clear that he thinks little of art for art's sake as a mode of dealing with the loss of belief. He considers concentration upon technique the sign of a blank time, and he is all agog himself for the signs of the ensuing creative tomorrow. He is confident about the new values which the novelist will shortly recognize and reveal (if he has not done so already), embodied in characters which will reflect and at the same time illumine the contemporary world. This work will be great—and the greatest works, Mr Daiches writes, are probably those which, "while fulfilling all the formal requirements, most adequately reflect the civilization of which they are a product."

Mr Daiches has been quoted because he puts so well the thought underlying much literary criticism today: that fiction needs a certain solidity before it satisfies, that this solidity comes from certain things that are accepted and taken for granted by the characters, that the situation is not significant unless it is related to an actual society with background understood and appraised, that the implicit beliefs about value held by the characters will probably be different in one age from what they are in another, and that, unless the novel be an historical novel, the beliefs and values of the characters in a modern novel should be those of twentieth-century men able to be apprehended by twentieth-century readers.

The importance of the whole question is brought out clearly in a passage by a most distinguished artist of communication, Virginia Woolf. She here voices her own difficulty as a novelist and puts into words the lack which many readers feel in her works. Writing about the authors of an earlier period, she says:

> It is the power of their belief—their conviction that imposes itself upon us. In Wordsworth, the philosophic poet, this is obvious enough. But in both [Scott and Jane Austen] there is the same natural conviction that life is of a certain quality. They have their judgment of conduct. They know the relations of

human beings towards each other and towards the universe. Neither of them probably has a word to say about the matter outright, but everything depends on it. Only believe, we find ourselves saying, and all the rest will come of itself....

So then our contemporaries afflict us because they have ceased to believe. The most sincere of them will only tell us what it is that happens to himself.... Set down at a fresh angle of the eternal prospect they can only whip out their notebooks and record with agonized intensity the flying gleams, which light on what? and the transitory splendours which may, perhaps, compose nothing whatever.

The considerations here put forward by Mrs Woolf bring us straight to our main task in this article, which is the exposition of any works among modern novels that may serve to confute Mr Swinnerton's argument. It is necessary to preface that exposition by a clear statement as to the beliefs implied in the composition of earlier masterpieces, beliefs which are no longer firmly held by the majority and the absence of which robs modern fiction of significance. Mrs Woolf covers the ground when she speaks of "conduct" and of "the relations of human beings towards each other and towards the universe." These general expressions, in the world of *The Vicar of Wakefield* or *Vanity Fair* or *The Man of Property*, meant belief in marriage and the family, in the importance of property and class distinctions, and in the orthodox God. Now, if there are values rooted in the life of today which take the place of the above beliefs, and if they can be found embodied in contemporary works that are also works of art, it would seem that such works have significance above the merely lyrical or the historical-romantic, and certainly far above the mere romantic.

II

As an example of such a work, one may look first at Richard Llewellyn's *How Green Was My Valley*.[1] A popular success, this book has charm to please the discriminating reader as well. It shows a simple yet vivid style, humour and sentiment well mixed, the very air and stuff of nature in its description, quantities of odd bits of delightful human observation and experience, and a series of subtle and striking characterizations that will remain with the reader for many a long day. All these things may readily be found, and they furnish sufficient reason for the book's success. The features I would stress, however, are the solidity of the work and the significance of the situation treated, and the point I wish to

[1]Ryerson Press, 1939.

make is that these impressions are perhaps the chief sources of the reader's satisfaction.

Here we find a complete and fully objective world. There are the father, mother and children, in a home that rests solid in the mind, in spite of the facts of death and emigration, and the final pressing down of the slag, and the departure of the hero. There is society, made up in the main of workers and their families, but separating into its aristocracy of employers and capitalists and its dependency of employees, attended by its professional classes of ministers, teachers and lawyers, and presided over remotely by the Queen "our Mother," as the senior Morgan called her. There is property, and emphasis on its significance. There is religion, and religious practice; this aspect of the work is one of the most interesting. If these things are true, it may be thought that the book's content parallels that of *Amos Barton* or *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and differs very little from any conventional tale. The characters may have no greater proportions, nor the situation more significance, nor the values demand more credence than the characters, situation and values which occupy Mr Galsworthy in *The Country House* or *The Man of Property*.

I believe that the book has its greater power for one main reason, that the world depicted is a world in tension. To bring out the resulting quality, one may direct attention to a series of passages dealing with the values already mentioned. Take first a short dialogue between Huw, the youngest son, and his sister Angharad, where family relationships, the social struggle, and religion are all involved. They are discussing a meeting of the miners, among whom Huw's older brothers are leaders in the struggle for human rights.

> "Did you go up the mountain, now just?" Angharad asked me.
> "Yes," I said, "and Dada tried to tell the men, but they shouted at him."
> "Were the boys up there?" she asked.
> "All of them," I said, "but nobody was for Dada."
> "Right, too," said Angharad.
> "Are you against Dada, too?" I asked her.
> "Yes, indeed I am," Angharad said, "though not him, but what he is trying to make them do."
> "What is that, then?" I asked her.
> "Well, if it will have you any wiser," said Angharad, with impatience, "he is trying to make them pray for what they want, instead of going together and making the old owners give them it."

"Why is Dada wrong then?" I asked her, after I had thought about it.

"Be quiet, boy, and eat your toast," Angharad said. "You are making enough noise with your old teeth to have the house down."

"But why is Dada wrong?" I asked her.

"Because you will have nothing through prayer, boy," Angharad said. "I have had nothing yet and nobody else has, either. Look at Mrs. Mostyn the Grove. Everybody did pray for her and yet she went with her baby as well."

The tension between father and children, between employer and men, between the theocratically viewed world and the humanly conceived world is quickly recognized here. The same tension is sustained throughout the book and holds the reader's interest. It is paralleled by tense moments in the author's treatment of sex and property, both vital matters in the lives of the inhabitants of the Valley and having contrasting aspects of perhaps equal importance. There is on the one hand the quaint instruction in sex given to Huw by Mr Gruffydd, whose theme is that "the time of marriage is the time of the sowing" and for whom sex means fatherhood. There is on the other hand the lyrical description of the union of Huw and Ceinwen, which has the simple richness of Llewellyn's best vein, and reminds us, in its difference, of the beauties of D. H. Lawrence or the early Meredith. Property is mentioned early in the book under cover of the little wooden box given to Huw by Mr Gruffydd, and ravaged by the school bullies. "The sanctity of property" is the phrase, and the idea is that to own beauty and treasure it, is a step in the growth of the soul. Mr Gruffydd thinks respect of property a necessary part of social education, to be imparted if necessary by "twigs." "Twigs and reason are the universal law, good for all men." A very different treatment of property is found in Ianto's vision of the future, as expounded to his father near the end of the book.

"They will charge royalty on the air above it, next," Ianto said.

"No royalties, none, and our own trucks and engines, and railway staff, and rental to the railway companies for the use of their trucks all over the country. Then a fleet of coalers of our own to take it out to the world. But out to the world only when every fireplace in the country has got a splendid fire, every scuttle full, and every cellar loaded."

"Who is to own all this?" my father asked him, and with steady pulling on his pipe, and looking at the end of his slipper.

"The people," Ianto said, in quiet, and pale, with a flame. "Only the people. God made the earth for Man, not for some of the men."

"Where will you have the money to buy it, my son?" my father asked him, still steady with his pipe.

"God made the coal, Dada," Ianto said. "But Man makes the money. Pity indeed, if God put His hand down through the clouds and gave us all a bill for the riches He made for us and gave to us, free. What would happen, I wonder?"

"It is beyond me, Ianto," my father said, and knocked out a full pipe in his worry. "There seems to be truth in what you say, indeed. But the Bible and God are not in the business of the pit. Only ledgers and Mammon."

So on, through the book. Authority, decorum, establishments, duties, purposes, all are there, but not stressed to the neglect of liberty, truth, development, rights, and facts. Between the contrasting aspects there is conflict, and Llewellyn seems to write his book to make the reader feel the conflict. It would have been much less convincing had he attempted a resolution. He rather suggests the view that the nature of life itself is conflict, and that, although the tension may sometimes be so acute that life meets with pause, even destruction, there will ultimately be new growth and richness. Meanwhile, he holds the balance almost even. Only occasionally he lets feeling or passion show where the weight pulls him on one side or the other. For example, after praising Dr Johnson and John Stuart Mill, he has Huw speak of the Bible. He writes: "It was then I had thoughts about Christ, and I have never changed my mind. He did appear to me then as a man, and as a man I still think of him. In that way, I have had comfort. If he had been a God, or any more a son of God than any of us, then it is unfair to ask us to do what he did. But if he was a man who found out for himself what there is that is hidden in life, then we all have a chance to do the same, and with the help of God, we shall." Later, he has Ianto criticize the clergy. "You make yourselves out to be shepherds of the flock and yet you allow your sheep to live in filth and poverty, and if you raise your voices, it is only to say that it is the Will of God. Sheep, indeed. Man was made in the image of God. Is God a sheep? Because if he is, I understand why we are all so damned stupid."

With all his sympathy for individual human rights and his distaste for tryanny in any form, Llewellyn is tender to monarchy and marriage and parenthood. Morgan senior says: "We look to the Queen as our Mother. Comfort her in her troubles, O God, and let her mighty worries trouble not more than she shall bear in her age." Towards the end of the book, after the account of the trial of Huw in court, he (who is the teller of the tale) speaks thus of the bond between husband and wife: "In that quietness they were speaking their own language, with their eyes, with the

way they stood, with what they put into the air about them, each knowing what the other was saying, and having strength one from the other, for they had been learning through forty years of being together, and their minds were one." Finally, we read of the father's death under the coal, in these words:

> His head trembled and pressed against me as he made straight the trunk of his spine and called upon his Fathers .... I saw the rocks above him moving, moving, but only a little. And then they settled back, and he was still, but his eyes were yet beacons, burning upon the mountain-top of his spirit.
>
> I shut my eyes, and thought of him at my side, my hand in his, trying to match his stride, as I walked with him up the mountain above us, and I saw the splashings of water on his muscled whiteness as he stood in the bath, and the lamplight on his hands over the seat of the chair as he knelt in prayer at Chapel.
>
> Air rushed from his throat and blew dust from his tongue, and I heard his voice, and in that strange noise I could hear, as from far away, the Voice of the Men of the Valley singing a plain amen.

III

From this novel we may pass to a second, bearing values in and through it which belong to our time and yet are universal, and having even more clearly than the other the mark of greatness. Just as with the first work we might have gone into matters of the author's freshness of treatment, his quaint homeliness in the topical passages and sound insight into character, so in the case of Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*[2] we might praise the rich compactness of design, the air of ineluctable authenticity, and the power of imagination that conceived and broods over the whole. We choose, however, to draw attention to the theme which, even more strikingly than that in *How Green Was My Valley*, mirrors the central conflict of our time. Instead of the struggle between miners and men, we have that between republicans and fascists, and this, seen through the concentrated light of the author's grave pity, gives an intense impression of truth and significance. Here are the fundamental values for mortal men re-stated: their relations to one another and to the universe, the ultimate needs of their complex nature. A scene early in the book presents the central character in talk with the old Spanish peasant, Anselmo.

> "You have killed?" Robert Jordan asked in the intimacy of the dark and of their day together.

[2]Charles Scribner's Sons, 1942.

"Yes, several times. But not with pleasure. To me it is a sin to kill a man. Even Fascists whom we must kill. To me there is a great difference between the bear and the man and I do not believe the wizardry of the gypsies about the brotherhood of animals. No, I am against all killing of men."

"Yet you have killed."

"Yes, and will again. But if I live later, I will try to live in such a way, doing no harm to anyone, that it will be forgiven."

"By whom?"

"Who knows? Since we do not have God here any more, neither His Son, nor the Holy Ghost, who forgives? I do not know."

"You have not God any more?"

"No, Man. Certainly not. If there were God, never would He have permitted what I have seen with my eyes. Let *them* have God."

"They claim Him."

"Clearly I miss Him, having been brought up in religion. But now a man must be responsible to himself."

"Then it is thy self who will forgive thee for killing."

"I believe so," Anselmo said. "Since you put it clearly in that way I believe that must be it. But with or without God, I think it is a sin to kill. To take the life of another is to me very grave. I will do it whenever necessary, but I am not of the race of Pablo."

"To win a war we must kill our enemies. That has always been true."

"Clearly. In war we must kill. But I have very rare ideas," Anselmo said.

They were walking now close together, in the dark, and he spoke softly, sometimes turning his head as he climbed. "I would not kill even a Bishop. I would not kill a proprietor of any kind. I would make them work each day as we have worked in the fields and as we work in the mountains with the timber, all the rest of their lives. So they would see what man is born to. That they should sleep where we sleep. That they should eat as we eat. But above all that they should work. Thus they would learn."

"And they would survive to enslave thee again."

"To kill them teaches nothing," Anselmo said. "You cannot exterminate them because from their seed comes more with greater hatred. Prison is nothing. Prison only makes hatred. That all our enemies should learn."

"But still thou hast killed."

"Yes," Anselmo said. "Many times and will again. But not with pleasure and regarding it as a sin."

The reflections of Anselmo come round again and again to the problem of "the killing." As he stands cold and alone on his watch above the road, his thoughts are given.

No, he thought, I am lonely. But so are all the soldiers and the wives of all the soldiers and all those who have lost families or parents . . . . I am lonely in the day when I am not working, but when the dark comes it is a time of great loneliness. But one thing I have that no man nor any God can take from me and that is that I have worked well for the Republic. I have worked hard for the good that we will all share later. I have worked my best from the first of the movement and I have done nothing that I am ashamed of.

All that I am sorry for is the killing. But surely there will be an opportunity to atone for that because for a sin of that sort that so many bear, certainly some just relief will be devised. I would like to talk with the *Ingles* about it, but, being young, it is possible that he might not understand. He mentioned the killing before. Or was it I that mentioned it? He must have killed much, but he shows no sign of liking it. In those who like it there is always a rottenness.

It must really be a great sin, he thought. Because certainly it is one thing we have no right to do even though, as I know, it is necessary. But in Spain it is done too lightly and often without true necessity and there is much quick injustice which, afterward, can never be repaired. I wish I did not think about it so much, he thought. I wish there were a penance for it that one could commence now because it is the only thing that I have done in all my life that makes me feel badly when I am alone. All the other things are forgiven or one had a chance to atone for them by kindness or in some decent way. But I think this of the killings must be a very great sin and I would like to fix it up. Later on there may be certain days that one can work for the state or something that one can do that will remove it. It will probably be something that one pays as in the days of the Church, he thought, and smiled. The Church was well organised for sin. That pleased him and he was smiling in the dark when Robert Jordan came up to him.

The writing is always poignant when it is occupied with Anselmo. This little old grey man gathers up into his person all the human virtues—loving-kindness, piety, honesty, courage. He is greatly afraid that he may prove a coward at the bridge.

As he walked he prayed for the souls of Sordo and his band. It was the first time he had prayed since the start of the movement.

"Most kind, most sweet, most clement Virgin," he prayed.

But he could not keep from thinking of the next day finally. So he thought: I will do exactly as the *Ingles* says and as he says to do it. But let me be close to him, O Lord, and may his instructions be exact for I do not think that I could control myself under the bombardment of the planes. Help me, O Lord, to-morrow to comport myself as a man should in his last hours. Help me, O Lord, to understand clearly the needs of the day. Help me, Lord, to dominate the movement of my legs that I should not run when the bad moment comes. Help me, O Lord, to comport myself as a man to-morrow in the day of battle. Since I have asked this aid of Thee, please grant it, knowing I would not ask it if it were not serious, and I will ask nothing more of Thee again.

Walking in the dark alone he felt much better from having prayed and he was sure, now, that he would comport himself well. Walking now down from the high country, he went back to praying for the people of Sordo.

It becomes clear from these extracts that religion and the state are highly important values in the minds of the characters. When dogmas have been dropped, serious and "rare" ideas of human obligation have been substituted. When the old authority has been repudiated, the claims of the Republic have been set up.

With Hemingway, as with Llewellyn, the balance may tip in favour of the rebel side, but constantly the tension is felt between the two sets of ideas and their respective suffering protagonists. Pilar, the conscientious atheist, is struck by the fact of the merciful wholeness of Maria: "It is true that there is no sickness. There could have been. I know not why there wasn't. There probably still is God after all, although we have abolished Him." Similarly Robert Jordan is only a tentative Communist. The passage in which this fact emerges is particularly interesting. He reflects:

> If the Republic lost it would be impossible for those who believed in it to live in Spain. But would it? Yes, he knew that it would be, from the things that happened in the parts the fascists had already taken . . . .
>
> No, there was nothing to be gained by leaving them alone. Except that all people should be left alone and you should interfere with no one. So he believed that, did he? Yes, he believed that. And what about a planned society and the rest of it? That was for the others to do. He had something else to do after this war. He fought now in this war because it had started in a country that he loved and he believed in the Republic and that if it were destroyed life would be unbearable for all those people who believed in it. He was under Communist discipline for the duration of the war. Here in Spain the Communists offered the best discipline and the soundest and the sanest for the prosecution of the war. He accepted their discipline for the duration of the war because, in the conduct of the war, they were the only party whose program and whose discipline he could respect.
>
> What were his politics then? He had none now, he told himself.

Hemingway's balanced wisdom in matters of religion and politics has a counterpart in the beauty of his drawing of human love. Family relationships are basic in the consciousness of almost every member of the band of partizans, as page after page of the novel proves. Note, for example, that the young Joaquin, after telling the comrades of the death of his father, his mother and the other members of his family at the hand of the fascists, feels compunction at what he has done.

> "Pilar, listen to me, and thou, Maria. Forgive me if I have molested you speaking of things of the family. I know that all have the same troubles and it is more valuable not to speak of them."
>
> "That you should speak," Pilar said. "For what are we born if not to aid one another? And to listen and say nothing is a cold enough aid."
>
> "But it can molest the Maria. She has too many things of her own."
>
> "Qué va," Maria said. "Mine are such a big bucket that yours falling in will never fill it. I am sorry, Joaquin, and I hope thy sister is well."
>
> "So far she's all right," Joaquin said. "They have her in prison and it seems they do not mistreat her much."
>
> "Are there others in the family?" Robert Jordan asked.

"No," the boy said. "Me. Nothing more. Except the brother-in-law who went to the hills and I think he is dead." . . .

"But he may be all right," Maria put her arm on his shoulder.

"Certainly, girl. Why not?" said Joaquin.

As the boy stood there, Maria reached up, put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Joaquin turned his head away because he was crying.

"That is as a brother," Maria said to him. "I kiss thee as a brother."

The boy shook his head, crying without making any noise.

"I am thy sister," Maria said. "And I love thee and thou hast a family. We are all thy family."

Maria herself is revealed to us fully for the first time when she tells her tragic story to Robert Jordan. Here the thing that stands out is her pride in her parents and her anguish at their deaths.

"My father was the mayor of the village and an honourable man. My mother was an honourable woman and a good Catholic and they shot her with my father because of the politics of my father who was a Republican. I saw both of them shot and my father said, 'Viva la Republica', when they shot him standing against the wall of the slaughterhouse of our village.

"My mother standing against the same wall said, 'Viva my husband who was the mayor of this village,' and I hoped they would shoot me too and I was going to say, 'Viva la Republica y vivan mis padres,' but instead there was no shooting but instead the doing of the things."

She tells of brutality and torture and says, "I no longer cried for my heart was frozen in me for my father and my mother and what happened to me now was nothing and I knew it."

This same Maria is perfect in conception and in execution. She might be a sister of Hardy's Tess, yet she has her own character. She is surer of herself than Tess, her thought and feeling are freely expressed to her lover, and fulfilment comes swiftly but naturally. For her this is La Gloria—a perfect giving and illumination.

Robert Jordan too feels a seriousness about his love. He knows what has happened to him. He thinks: "I am no romantic glorifier of the Spanish Woman nor did I ever think of a casual piece as anything much other than a casual piece in any country. But when I am with Maria I love her so that I feel, literally, as though I would die and I never believed in that nor thought that it could happen."

Jordan tells Maria what he feels:

"Do you know that until I met thee I never asked for anything? Nor thought of anything except the movement and the winning of this war? Truly I have been very pure in my ambitions. I have worked much and now I love

thee and," he said it now in a complete embracing of all that would not be, "I love thee as I love all that we have fought for. I love thee as I love liberty and dignity and the rights of all men to work and not be hungry. I love thee as I love Madrid that we have defended and as I love all my comrades that have died. And many have died. Many. Many. Thou canst not think how many. But I love thee as I love what I love most in the world and I love thee more. I love thee very much, rabbit. More than I can tell thee. But I say this now to tell thee a little. I have never had a wife and now I have thee for a wife and I am happy."

Remembering this book as a whole the mind throws up two pictures. First, after the bridge is blown and Robert Jordan miraculously finds himself alive. The account reads:

Anselmo lay face down behind the white marking stone. His left arm was doubled under his head and his right arm was stretched straight out. The loop of wire was still around his right fist. Robert Jordan got to his feet, crossed the road, knelt by him and made sure that he was dead. He did not turn him over to see what the piece of steel had done. He was dead and that was all.

He looked very small, dead, Robert Jordan thought. He looked small and gray-headed and Robert Jordan thought, I wonder how he ever carried such big loads if that is the size he really was. Then he saw the shape of the calves and the thighs in the tight, gray herdsman's breeches and the worn soles of the rope-soled shoes and he picked up Anselmo's carbine and the two sacks, practically empty now and went over and picked up the rifle that lay beside Fernando. He kicked a jagged piece of steel off the surface of the road. Then he swung the two rifles over his shoulder, holding them by the muzzles, and started up the slope into the timber. He did not look back.

The second picture is of Robert Jordan, lying wounded to death in the bracken. He struggles with unconsciousness and fears that he may slip into the shame of his father and shoot himself. He struggles to keep his mind on the importance of his last moments. "*If you wait and hold things even a little while or just get the officer that may make all the difference.*" While he clings to the thought of Maria's escape with the comrades, the pursuing enemy comes in sight. He feels his luck hold.

Lieutenant Berrendo, watching the trail, came riding up, his thin face serious and grave. His submachine gun lay across his saddle in the crook of his left arm. Robert Jordan lay behind the tree, holding onto himself very carefully and delicately to keep his hands steady. He was waiting until the officer reached the sunlit place where the first trees of the pine forest joined the green slope of the meadow. He could feel his heart beating against the pine needle floor of the forest.

So the book ends. And in this final picture, with youth on the

one side and on the other, intent, dedicated and brave, we have an epitome of all the values for which the book stands. The truth that is in the past about life and society and the universe must not be lost, neither must the good that is in the present be held back from any living man. While the issue is still pending, literature that fails to take account of it seems off the main path of human history. The novels that seem full of vitality and significance are novels like *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and *How Green Was My Valley*. These are works that deserve the name of greatness.

THE ELOQUENCE OF CHURCHILL[1]

GILBERT NORWOOD

THE Editors have suggested that this latest collection of Mr Churchill's be reviewed purely as examples of eloquence. My pleasure in consenting was due only in part to admiration for the Prime Minister's character, methods and oratory: quite as strong was the conviction that a detailed appraisal of artistry in speech might be not only interesting of itself but also serviceable as a protest against the widespread neglect, not to say derision, into which genuine eloquence is falling. Again and again we hear that "eloquence is out of fashion," and the level of oratory in the British House of Commons has become a byword. Even Mr Churchill's achievement, though it enjoys the immense yet partly irrelevant advantage that it deals with matters of unique moment, seems likely to suffer in some degree from the current distaste for nobility in public speaking. One of our most excellent war-commentators, Mr Raymond Gram Swing, has perpetrated an ineptitude which the publishers have seen fit to print on the jacket of this volume. "Nothing quite so much misses the importance of Mr Churchill's speeches as to say that they are examples of superb English rhetoric. What makes his speeches invaluable is not their technique. It is what he has to tell." Such a pronouncement hardly deserves refutation: on these lines, any truthful and clear report of events, which a thousand living journalists could produce, equals any oration here printed.

Nor is Mr Swing happier in his choice of words. Eloquence abounds in these pages, but the rhetoric whereof he speaks can scarcely be discovered. Rhetoric depends on words, eloquence uses words; rhetoric is a matter of fashion, eloquence cannot become obsolete; rhetoric is a mass of brilliant tricks, eloquence a skill whereby greatness of soul becomes articulate; rhetoric delights, eloquence inspires. From these differences it follows that, though both rhetoric and eloquence are engendered by great occasions, rhetoric can, but eloquence cannot, be enjoyed later merely as a performance.

[1] *The Unrelenting Struggle: War Speeches by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.*, compiled by CHARLES EADE. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, 1942, $3.75.

This vital connection between eloquence and its theme should be clearly understood. The theme can make simple words eloquent, whereas rhetoric, by its nature, cannot be simple. The Roman gladiatorial combats were stopped by St. Telemachus, who rushed into the arena and cried: "Would you see blood? Behold Christ's!" A similar power resides in those words of Sir Ian Hamilton's Gallipoli despatch: "The Turks came on, calling upon the name of God. Our men stood to it." But, in the next place, we should not conclude that a noble event can of itself make eloquence, or any kind of good art. That is a blunder which has injured the drama and the film. *Abraham Lincoln* is a thoroughly undistinguished play that gained loud acclaim from audiences innocent enough to transfer to it the merits and importance of the historical American President and the actual Civil War. Recent eulogies of *Mrs Miniver* have a similar origin. Now, in the two noble examples of brief eloquence just quoted, the situation (to be sure) contributes immensely, yet the sentence is not flat or obvious: it has that divine simplicity by which each word is obvious, but the combination of them is sublime. We should not be so artless as to think a speaker eloquent because we cheer him at the top of our voices: usually our delight means nothing more than a realization that he shares our emotion but has uttered it better than we can utter it for ourselves. The speeches before us contain no such supreme brevities as those two of Gallipoli and the Roman arena; but instances of the other kind are naturally common. "I feel sure we have no need to fear the tempest. Let it roar, and let it rage. We shall come through."[2] And again: "The only answer to defeat is victory."[3]

Mr Eade has done his work excellently. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the Prime Minister, during the many years which we pray lie still before him, may in quieter days supersede it by a revised selection of his speeches. A good number here presented did not obviously deserve reprinting. Moreover, the style suffers from colloquialisms, badly expressed phrases and cacophonies:[4] "a movement. . .which moves. . ."; "why, good gracious, has he no idea. . .?"; "episode of an arresting character"; "the losses we inflicted upon them. . .were. . .in the nature of three-quarters of

[2]P. 122. [3]P. 150.
[4]Pp. 71, 113, 133, 159, 191, 266, 296, 328, 337, 364.

the losses they inflicted upon us"; "these kind of sensational statements"; "to try and do"; "which is at last at least equal"; "our old acquaintance the Air Raider, whom we already know so well"; "to make sure that we make. . ."; "for pilots for the Royal and Imperial air forces." Such specks are perhaps inevitable in the speech of any orator, especially when delivered extempore; none the less, they should be removed before final publication. I need not, of course, apologize for indicating them. Most public utterances are infested with such things; some consist of little else. To point them out shows how seriously one takes Mr Churchill as a master of powerful, nervous, significant English. Serious lapses are extremely few. There is the deplorable "Some chicken: some neck";[5] and when I came upon "the hard-pressed citizen or subject of the King, as he likes to call himself,"[6] I wondered at first why His Majesty should *not* call himself King.

Judged by the most exacting standards, the achievement of Demosthenes or Cicero or Burke, Mr Churchill is scarcely a great orator. But genuine orators of any grade are rare; and in that company he holds a distinguished place. Indeed, he now and again brings Burke himself to mind. There is the same unshakable grip on basic fact, the same magnificent faith in righteousness, the same tingling sense of the contours of history, the same high loyalty to his native language in all its force and majesty, some portion, too, of the skill and genius whereby rich, vivid sentences are moulded, assembled and orchestrated. Let us note more in particular the virtues here exhibited.

Most obvious, perhaps, is the fine vocabulary. Too few speakers and writers realize how easily style may be improved by substituting ever and anon for a too familiar word one that is—not queer or obsolete: that would be foolish affectation—but one that is just beginning to fall out of use, so that the reader or hearer feels a faint pleasure of recognition. Consider the slightly rare though perfectly appropriate words in these sentences.[7] "What were those wishes in which he was *frustrated?*" (But that mass of w's is ugly.) "At the behest of the *base* Italian dictator." "Making the German people taste and *gulp* each month a sharper dose. . . ." "We will have no truce or *parley* with you, or the *grisly* gang who work your wicked will." (Again too many w's, alas!) "all bunched

[5]P. 367. [6]P. 93.

[7]Pp. 4, 78, 173, 186, 200, 237, 238 f., 363.

together to make an ill-smelling *posy*." "The Italian *jackanapes*." "Dangers by which the American people. . .are now *beset*." "This is trying to *high-mettled* temperaments."

Another feature may appear trivial to some, but possesses high value as conveying a sense of solidity, of continuity, even of grandeur: I mean the old-fashioned allusions or slight quaintnesses whereby Mr Churchill quietly brings before one's eye the perspectives of civilization. Beside a master of such restrained yet pungent urbanity, the usual war-orators who so lustily cry up Drake, Cromwell, Nelson and Wellington sound like professional guides in some storied mansion, compared with the elderly owner who walks beside one along the corridors, making brief allusion now and again to this ancestor or that. "As to the Chairman of this Committee, he is not *facile princeps* but *primus inter pares*, which, for the benefit of any old Etonians present, I should, if very severely pressed, venture to translate."[8] (The speaker is, of course, an Harrovian.) "Our Indian troops, who have at all points and on all occasions sustained the martial reputation of the sons of Hindustan."[9] "A universal spasm of revolt and national resurgence very similar to that which in 1808 convulsed and glorified the people of Spain."[10] "A newspaper with the excellent eighteenth-century title of the *Plain Dealer*."[11] "The great Burke has truly said, 'People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors'."[12] (Here is an attractive question for students of *minutiae:* is "the great Burke" best, or "Burke," or "Edmund Burke," or "Mr Burke"? The last would be delightful, but would utterly give away the trick, if trick it be.) "Since the Mongol invasions of Europe in the sixteenth century."[13] "He and his partisans fled to Persia—I like to call it Persia, and I hope the House will permit me to indulge myself in that fashion."[14] By far the most notable of these is "Hindustan." Do not imagine that it was chosen merely to avoid saying "India" just after "Indian": anyone could have substituted "that great sub-continent which it is at once our task and our privilege to rule, foster and protect." No: by a magic stroke it recalls the generations when people regularly spoke of Hindustan, the days of Aurungzebe, of Clive, of the Warren Hastings impeachment. What other statesman in our day is so impregnated with the majesty, the lessons, the

[8]P. 32. [9]P. 76. [10]P. 81. [11]P. 165. [12]*Ibid.* [13]P. 234. [14]P. 254.

inspiration of world-history? How many among our politicians care a straw for the Mongol invasions or the Spanish insurrection against Napoleon? This man sees and reveals the perspectives of our human story, now by so many ignored, though it is hence that he draws much of that spiritual power whereby he braces them also to endurance and valour. The most charming instance[15] of all occurs in his description of the meeting with President Roosevelt. Many accomplished speakers might have given us this:

> We had a Church parade on the Sunday in our Atlantic bay. The President came on to the quarter-deck of the *Prince of Wales*, where there were mingled together many hundreds of American and British sailors and marines. The sun shone bright and warm while we all sang the old hymns which are our common inheritance and which we learned as children in our homes.

How many would have added what follows?

> We sang the hymn founded on the psalm which John Hampden's soldiers sang when they bore his body to the grave.

Excellent, too, are the numerous crisp or witty phrases.[16] "I do not at all resent criticism, even when, for the sake of emphasis, it for a time parts company with reality." "But we went on, and, in the end the only thing we ran short of was Huns." "Serbs, we know you." "It has been left to the Anzacs and their British comrades to fight their way back to the sea, leaving their mark on all who hindered them." "That is one of those glimpses of the obvious and of the obsolete with which his powerful speech abounded." We are no longer a small Island lost in the Northern mists." "If the Government has always to be looking over its shoulder to see whether it is going to be stabbed in the back or not, it cannot possibly keep its eye on the enemy." London "is like a prehistoric monster into whose armoured hide showers of arrows can be shot in vain." "We are in the presence of a crime without a name." Here is the best and longest passage in this kind.[17]

> I now come, on what I hope is a fairly solid foundation, to the criticism of the Government. The Member for South-West Bethnal Green spoke of criticism as being the life-blood of democracy. Certainly we are a very full-blooded democracy. In war it is very hard to bring about successes and very easy to make mistakes or to point them out after they have been made. There was a custom in ancient China that anyone who wished to criticize the Government had the right to memorialize the Emperor, and, provided he followed that up by committing suicide, very great respect was paid to his words, and no ulterior

[15] P. 239. [16] Pp. 34, 73, 89, 95, 110, 111, 150, 185, 234. [17] Pp. 307 f.

motive was assigned. That seems to me to have been, from many points of view, a wise custom, but I certainly would be the last to suggest that it should be made retrospective.

No element in composition, whether of prose or of verse, appears to receive less attention from critics and students, even from writers, than the paragraph. It is not a mere lump printed separately in order to make the page less formidable. It is an artistic unit intervening between the single sentence and the whole essay, speech, chapter, or the individual book of an epic. Therein, the sentences are organized with attention not only to meaning, but also to some progression of interest, emphasis and rhythm; best of all, to a *crescendo* and *diminuendo* in those elements. Incomparably the greatest paragraph known to me is that where Burke, in his speech *On the Nabob of Arcot's Debts*, describes Hyder Ali's invasion of the Carnatic: the first slow counsels of hate, crime and might are voiced in rhythm heavy, sluggish, drawn out well-nigh beyond bearing; next comes a short pause, based on the monosyllables "hung" and "burst"; then machinations and rhythm alike burst indeed as the vivid splintering sentences depict the flying avalanche of devastation and woe. Many a glorious paragraph meets the eye in Cicero too, many in Demosthenes, above all the account of the scene in Athens when news came that Philip of Macedon had forced the passes and entered Central Greece. Mr Churchill has nothing that rivals those pictures in splendour; but unlike(so far as my knowledge goes) any English orator since Macaulay, he offers paragraphs which, at least, are works of art. Space allows me only one instance.[18]

I turn aside from the stony path we have to tread, to indulge a moment of lighter relief. I daresay you have read in the newspapers that, by a special proclamation, the Italian Dictator has congratulated the Italian army in Albania on the glorious laurels they have gained by their victory over the Greeks. Here surely is the world's record in the domain of the ridiculous and the contemptible. This whipped jackal, Mussolini, who to save his own skin has made all Italy a vassal state of Hitler's Empire, comes frisking up at the side of the German tiger with yelpings not only of appetite—that can be understood—but even of triumph. Different things strike different people in different ways. But I am sure there are a great many millions in the British Empire and in the United States, who will find a new object in life in making sure that when we come to the final reckoning this absurd impostor will be abandoned to public justice and universal scorn.

[18]Pp. 95 f.

First comes an introductory sentence—needed, for we must be warned that an emotional change approaches. There follows a clear statement of the official fact, with another warning in "special" and "glorious." The next sentence gives a strong but stylistically commonplace description of the affair—plain, partly because nothing in it should engage us to the detriment of the following sentence, partly because it is only a premonition of the sentence that is to close the paragraph. Then arrives that superb "jackal" passage, the core of the whole. Next is placed another deliberately flat sentence—indeed nothing but a stop-gap to hold two fine passages apart. It would have been a grave lapse of judgment to set another telling passage immediately after the jackal. Finally comes the longest sentence of all. It opens with a score or so of unimpressive words, partly because people may still be laughing over and thrilled by the jackal and must not have new matter rapidly thrust upon them, partly so as to provide a slow ascent to the consummating last syllable, "scorn."

The finest speech in this book, a radio address[19] to America on receiving an honorary degree from the University of Rochester, fills less than four pages and should be conned earnestly by students of eloquence. In this brief compass all the qualities already noted are exemplified. Blemishes occur: the excessive v's in "ever strive to deserve"; the false syntax in "Divided we fall. Divided, the dark age returns"; a self-contradiction in "the old lion with her lion cubs at her side stands alone." But here are the *Plain Dealer* and "the great Burke" that we saluted before. Note also a beautiful deftness, a fine example of the effect wrought by a commonplace word at the right moment: "Here at least, in my mother's birth city of Rochester, I hold a latchkey to American hearts." We find, too, an exquisitely adroit stroke of metaphorical diction. "But there was no unity. There was no vision. The nations were pulled down one by one while the others gaped and chattered." Now, to be sure, "gaped and chattered" suits the actual events well enough; but what really gives the sentence its startling power is our knowledge, conscious or half-conscious, that the orator would not have chosen to say "chattered" unless he had been thinking of

[19] Pp. 165 ff.

monkeys, and had wished to stir in us too that half-contemptuous, half-pitying reflection.

Finally, this speech contains the noblest passage in the whole volume:

> "The destiny of mankind is not decided by material computation. When great causes are on the move in the world, stirring all men's souls, drawing them from their firesides, casting aside comfort, wealth, and the pursuit of happiness in response to impulses at once awe-striking and irresistible, we learn that we are spirits, not animals, and that something is going on in space and time, and beyond space and time, which, whether we like it or not, spells duty.

The early part of this, to my thinking, is all the better for its unobtrusive echoes: of Burke in the first sentence, of Sidney in "drawing them from their firesides," of Jefferson in "the pursuit of happiness"; then comes a celestial voice as lofty as Milton's own, sinking perhaps even deeper into the soul because uttered by one whose life has mainly passed in converse with mundane affairs.

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1942

Edited by PHILIP CHILD

LAST year we intimated that the scope of "Letters in Canada: 1942" might have to be limited in certain respects in order to diminish the expense of its production. This curtailment has, in fact, been found advisable. This year articles in periodicals are not listed nor are they dealt with in the essays. Important books, however, and a few selected pamphlets are accounted for in the usual way. It is particularly to be regretted that this revised plan leaves no place for Professor Norwood's annual note on classical scholarship, since it was largely based on articles in periodicals devoted to the classics; when the times permit a return to our original plan, no part of it will be more eagerly resumed than Professor Norwood's. One further alteration in the Bibliography should be noted: last year the Lists appeared in a block at the end of "Letters in Canada"; this year they are divided so that each List follows the essay to which it is related. This year French-Canadian and New-Canadian Letters appear in this issue rather than in the July QUARTERLY.

There remains the pleasant duty of thanking those who have in various ways assisted in the preparation of this survey. They include the authors of the essays and the contributors of individual reviews, Mrs Hewitt and her staff in the General Editorial Office of the University Press, the officials of the University Library and of the Reference Department of the Toronto Public Libraries, and the officials of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation who have given Mr Milne access to Canadian radio scripts.

I. POETRY

E. K. BROWN

In 1942 the most notable book was a first collection, Mr Earle Birney's *David and Other Poems*. The title piece alone would have sufficed to make it so. *David* is a narrative of a kind new to our poetry, matter-of-fact in manner and, until the crisis is reached, matter-of-fact in substance also. It is a tale of two young men climbing mountains along the British Columbian coast, David an experienced mountaineer, Bobbie a novice. The early

sections of the poem—it comes just short of two hundred lines—are rich in pictures and impressions, in passages such as

> Then the darkening firs
> And the sudden whirring of water that knifed down a fern-hidden
> Cliff and splashed unseen into mist in the shadows

and

> Coming down we picked in our hats the bright
> And sunhot raspberries, eating them under a mighty
> Spruce, while a marten moving like quicksilver scouted us

passages which for all their detail are full of vitality and suggestion, urging the reader to participate fully in the experience of the characters. These early sections carry also a load of learning, the mountaineer's learning of rocks and fossils, a load perhaps heavier than the prevailing note of simplicity requires. The two characters are securely realized, the relation between them is warm without ceasing to be simple and clear. The tragedy comes quietly; Bobbie's foothold gives way and David instinctively turns in a trice to steady him; the added strain is enough to make David slide, and at once he is gone. It is all over in an instant, and the quickness is an essential part of the effect Mr Birney is trying to produce. The central scene is yet to come: it is the dialogue between the two when Bobbie has made his way to where David lies partly paralysed. Mr Birney has found simple words, brief phrases, which bear the weight of David's plea to be pushed from the ledge on which he is caught and die in a six hundred foot drop, and of Bobbie's plea that he wait till help can be brought. Bobbie yields, staggers back to camp, and

> I said that he fell straight to the ice where they found him,
> And none but the sun and the incurious clouds have lingered
> Around the marks of that day on the ledge of the Finger,
> That day, the last of my youth, on the last of our mountains.

It is impossible to overpraise that close: magic has entered in with the last line, giving an unpredictable extension of meaning, and at one stroke raising the experience of the poem to another level where pain and constraint and self-reproach are no longer matter-of-fact but full of tranquillizing imaginative suggestion.

David does not stand alone. I cannot fully share the admiration that has been lavished on the topical poem which closes the collection; I wish that the last third of *On Going to the Wars* had been suppressed and that it stopped with this passage of rough idealism:

I'll stand by those who strive to chart
A world where peace is everyone's,
A peace that does not rot the heart
With hunger, fear and hopeless hate,
Nor rust the cunning wheels nor still
The subtle fingers, peace that will
Unlock to every man the gate
To all the leaping joys his hand
Creates. For no less prize I stand.

This is admirable in itself and as an end, and since it comes at the bottom of an odd-numbered page I at first supposed it was the end. What follows seems to me much less strongly felt, much less clearly and vividly said. In the closing section there is a lack of that finish and richness of feeling which mark, for instance, the admirable *Dusk on English Bay*, one of the most moving war poems to come out of Canada. Here there is not space for comment on other pieces in the little collection—twenty-one poems in all—but space must be found to say that in Mr Birney's work there is authentic originality; he owes nothing at all to earlier Canadian writing and scarcely anything—when he is fully himself—to recent verse anywhere else. He has a harsh and intense sensibility which make his pictures and rhythms fresh and living, and his technical accomplishment is brilliant, at times bewildering.

II

In 1941 Mr Ralph Gustafson printed privately a beautiful little book with a delicate epithalamium for his sister. Almost uniform with it he has now brought out, again in an edition of one hundred copies, *Lyrics Unromantic*, a series of twelve love poems. In tone and form the range is remarkable: sometimes there is perfect simplicity as in

A silent harbouring
  Of nothing read,
A silent remembering,
  And it is said

and sometimes in elaborate and contorted poetry he is no less happy

As though a clutch of stars
Was a logicked thing;
An esoteric moon
A mastering!

It ought to be said that these stanzas lose much of their power when lopped off from their context, for Mr Gustafson is the sort of poet whose texture is a unit whether it is all of a piece or a mosaic of fragments. If space sufficed I should like to quote an entire poem so that I might substantiate the judgment that in this collection is the most carefully wrought poetry of the year. Much as there is to praise and praise warmly, one may regret a constant resort to parenthetic thought and feeling and an occasional instance of obscurity so heavy that one wonders whether the editions are limited to one hundred copies because the author has lost interest in a larger and more miscellaneous audience than that of his close friends and a few fortunate reviewers.

Hardly less interesting than *Lyrics Unromantic* is *Salt Marsh*, the third of Miss Anne Marriott's chap-books. The first, *The Wind Our Enemy*, a narrative of drought on the prairies, at once gave her a secure place among the best of the younger poets; then came *Calling Adventurers*, a set of extracts from a radio drama, which could not produce a powerful total impression and showed no significant advance in texture; now *Salt Marsh*, a collection of thirty lyrics, enables us for the first time to surmise the range of her mind and art. The variety of theme is notable—love, religion, society, nature, each with several aspects; and the variety in form is no less notable, though not so easy to express. Miss Marriott has three main styles; one is smooth, corresponding to the kind of work she has described in one of the poems in this booklet

> Words were easy other years, they came
> smoothly to talk of stone-brown streams, or trees
> that sang in sunlight, broken green and gold—
> no pain in these.

another is sharp and quick, the style of *Traffic Light*, for instance, in which objects are mentioned without being fully realized; and the third is tense and crammed, the style which abounds in compound epithets such as "rain-pitted" and "colour-roused," and more important, perhaps, in successions of pictures of what has somewhat repelled her sensibility, for example in *Salt Marsh* itself,

> Mud-green crabs scuttle sideways—in—out—
> slit-caved burrows. A flung-string clutter
> of washed weed shines—orange wire—on rush tops
> marsh buttercups' flat yellow.

It is this third style that seems most personal and interesting. It

may be, however, that the second style would permit without any loss to its values a fuller realization of what it presents, and that it offers a better vehicle for great poetry. There is no doubt that what I have called the third style gives enormous emphasis to a very few aspects of the poet's sensibility, and accordingly threatens to establish what would be a mannerism rather than a manner. *Salt Marsh* is the most valuable of the year's chap-books, but what it reveals of Miss Marriott's range does not fully show anything beyond what *The Wind Our Enemy* showed or suggested and that poem will continue to be thought the highest of her achievements.[1]

An unusual and moving collection, though one not comparable in formal value with Mr Gustafson's or Miss Marriott's, is Mr J. S. Wallace's *Night Is Ended.* It is a poignant book. Mr Wallace has just emerged from two years in confinement, presumably as a supposed communist, and in his bunk at Petawawa and his cell at Hull wrote most of the best work in this volume. He has two accents—the martial and the melancholy: the martial poems, like so many of their kind, are over-rhetorical and verbally not more than half alive, but the melancholy personal pieces are often wholly admirable in their intensity, economy and clarity. Now and then, especially in the poems on Spain, the martial poetry borrows some of these virtues.

III

Among the smaller collections of the year the Ryerson chap-books were outstanding. One of these, Miss Marriott's *Salt Marsh* has already been mentioned. Five others were added in 1942. Mr Ernest Fewster's *Litany before the Dawn of Fire* consists of five poems of moderate length, each of them eloquent and dignified, and the first a solemn ode in the old-fashioned manner. Mrs Barbara Villy Cormack's *Seedtime and Harvest* is a group of unpretending simple verses recording the feelings of a farmer's wife during the more active half of the year, feelings which are not fully communicated since the responses she makes are so often stock responses. Mr Hyman Edelstein's *Spirit of Israel* has two poems only, each of which seeks to suggest the life of the Jew in the big city, neither succeeding as Mr Abraham Klein has so often suc-

[1] *Calling Adventurers* received the Governor-General's award for poetry in 1941. It is understood that Mr Pratt's *Dunkirk* was *hors concours.* Once more the judgment of the committee was intelligent and acceptable.

ceeded, in realizing the splendour of the Jewish religion or the pain of Jewish contact with an alien world. What Mr Edelstein has to say is important and at times profound but the manner of his saying it has little of Mr Klein's depth and nothing of his magic. The characters in Miss M. Eugenie Perry's *Hearing a Far Call* do not come alive and the situation is not so treated as to disguise its essential commonplaceness, but there are passages in the narrative which have a pleasing music and in pure narrative Miss Perry is notable. Miss Mary Elizabeth Colman's *For This Freedom Too* is the most interesting of the group. More than half of her sixteen pages go to one poem, *Hunger*, a bewildering piece, in which the development does not seem very certain and the emotions, if eager and tense, are expressed with such a flagging that all too often they become faint or commonplace. In the other poems, written in a quiet conversational manner, the power is conspicuous. They all have to do with the war and make one of the most thoughtful responses to the war.

The lack of intensity in language prevents Mr James Edward Ward's *This England* from being the impressive and moving work intended. The time when a poet might write of a "verdant dell" or "tranquil vale" or of "lyric ditties" is not 1942. The diction of Mr Gordon Dagger's *The Prospector and Other Poems* is sharper, and the rhythms have often a genuine music, but the approach to the material is radically unpoetic. *Afterdusk*, by Miss Mary Frances Edwards, abounds in genuinely poetic matter, but between this matter and the reader intervenes a medium of expression that is flat and often prosaic. Similarly in Miss E. Lillian Morley's *Watchwords of Liberty* the language stifles the undeniable emotion. Most of the poems in Miss Dorothy Dumbrille's *Last Leave* have to do with the anguish of a wife and mother in war-time; these read like extracts from a diary and the reader is made uncomfortable by an intimacy which is not always appropriate. In some fashion poetry must generalize emotion; and here it is wholly particular. *The Sky Was My Friend* is a memorial volume; after the death last spring of Miss Mary McCullough of Ottawa, her mother, with the aid of Miss Anne Marriott and Mr Charles Clay, gathered the best of her work. Miss McCullough had the love of natural detail which has marked so many of the poets of the Ottawa valley, but the sifting of her verses has not been sufficiently severe: her repu-

tation would stand higher if most of the poems with themes other than that of nature had been left out. The touch is uncertain, but there are moments of genuinely charming achievement.

More interesting for one reason or another than those volumes which have been surveyed in this section are four collections with which it must draw to a close. In Mrs Lyon Sharman's *Town and Forest* an original mind with a delicate sense of language and a sharp imagination expresses itself in a great variety of moods. Mr Arthur S. Bourinot's *Canada at Dieppe* is a stirring narrative, evoking our French origins and ties, and achieving in its carefully handled presentation of the great commando venture a notable variety in metrical form. Mr John Elmoran Porter's *Furrow in the Dunes* has rich imagination and, in its simpler forms, a satisfying music. *Rhymes of a Western Logger*, as its title suggests, is another book in the Service tradition; but the vocabulary is so technical that the author, Mr Robert E. Swanson, supplies a copious lexicon at the end. The technical language justifies itself by a frequent vigour of imagination. But as is usual in books of this sort the situations, characters and reflections—these last are abundant—are drawn from stock, and the poems do not arouse the emotions that Service at his rare best could be sure of stirring.

In the periodicals, notably in the *Canadian Poetry Magazine*, *Contemporary Verse*, and *Saturday Night*, the quality of work has been at least maintained. A tendency towards greater clarity and vigour can be easily discerned. A Montreal group has begun to issue a provocative and accomplished little mimeographed journal called *Previews*. The space I should like to give to these vehicles must go, however, to works of greater scope important to Canadian poetry as a whole.

IV

Forty years ago William Archer brought out his *Poets of the Younger Generation* and among the thirty-three included there were three Canadians, Carman, C. G. D. Roberts, and Duncan Campbell Scott. When in the intervening years has an English critic of Archer's distinction mingled Canadian poets with English in a book of criticism, or even in an anthology? Within the period that has seen the rise of E. J. Pratt and the Montreal men our poetry has circulated within a national wall, and American as well as English readers have not cared to know what was going on inside. The appearance in the Pelican Books of Mr Gustafson's *Anthology*

of Canadian Poetry (*English*) is an attempt, which promises success, to get our poetry over the national wall, and accordingly it is an event of extreme importance. Wishing to show the range as well as the quality of our poetry he has presented selections from fifty-eight authors, and to none of them has he allowed more than six pages in the hundred of which the text consists. The principle of variety is one of the many good principles on which an anthology can be built, although I should not have used it for the purpose Mr Gustafson had in view—to interest and impress the English-speaking world with our poetry. I should have included one of E. J. Pratt's narratives in full, and what do we find of Pratt's in this book? Three lyrics, the close of *The Titanic*, and about seventy-five lines from *The Cachalot*, a good passage relating the struggle between the whale and the squid. It seems altogether unlikely that a reader to whom Pratt's work is unknown could conceive from the five pages assigned to him the essence of the power he has demonstrated in tragic and heroic verse. It would surely have been better to leave out some of the minor figures, and thus ensure sufficient space for Pratt. Lampman is another on whom Mr Gustafson might have relied for greater aid; the five Lampman pieces are admirable, but in none of them is the poet's reflective power impressive (and it often was) nor does any of them show his Keatsian manner at its ripest. No anthologist should be expected to include anything that he thinks wretched, but once he has decided to include a poet he may be expected to represent him by some at least of the work on which his reputation is based. It is surprising, therefore, that the three pages allowed to Marjorie Pickthall—three seems scant allowance when two are given to Francis Sherman—should be occupied by *Palome*. Earlier in this survey I expressed admiration for Mr Gustafson's own poetic gift but I question his wisdom in including five poems of his own composition, good as these are. Whatever criticisms the anthology may merit, it is a great service to our poetry. Scarcely any of the hundred and thirty poems it contains is really unpoetic; most of the poets are represented on the level of their best work; no poet of eminence is left out. If I can imagine an anthology which would be more effective than this, after all every anthology leaves the reader who is familiar with the material "anthologized" with a sense of opportunities missed and emphases misplaced. It is a pleasant sense, and one of the reasons why anthologies are interesting to read.

Of two other anthologies it may be said that the execution falls far short of the idea. *Montreal in Verse* was inspired by the tercentenary of the city: none of its thirty-two pieces[2] is likely to be long recalled as an important or moving comment on our greatest city, and few of them are to be compared with the best work of their authors. *Flying Colours*, a collection of patriotic verse primarily intended for use in schools, is uneven: the Canadian section is in the main good, the English, spotty, the American and Australasian, exceedingly weak and not fairly or generously representative.

Two books relating to the past of our poetry claim the one mention in passing, the other extended comment. The Ryerson Press has done a notable service by gathering into one collection at a moderate price five volumes of Bliss Carman's verse which originally appeared between 1902 and 1905, *From the Book of Myths*, *From the Green Book of the Bards*, *Songs of the Sea Children*, *Songs from a Northern Garden*, and *From the Book of Valentines*. The same house has issued Mr Carl F. Klinck's biographical and critical study of a poet who was unfriendly to Carman, Wilfred Campbell. This, like Chittick's Haliburton and Connor's Lampman, is a Columbia doctoral dissertation and fully as valuable as either of its predecessors, less exhaustive than Chittick's book, not so deft as Connor's, but more aware of the importance of literary connections and more skilful in the handling of intellectual history than either. Specially useful are Mr Klinck's chapters on the evolution of Campbell's political ideas and on his varying attitudes towards nature. From a vigorous Canadianism Campbell passed to an imperialist faith more rigorously consistent and more flamboyant than any other Canadian man of letters has professed since Confederation. Mr Klinck follows the development with careful objectivity, showing the part played by revulsion from the United States (where Campbell had lived not too successfully) by his sentimental attachment to Scotland, and notably to the chief of the Campbells, the Duke of Argyle, by his pleasure in consorting with "the Great of the Earth in Palaces" (by which even Kipling was revolted), by a family link with the Greys, and by what is perhaps the strongest of all imperialist motives, discontent with

[2] If Mr Alan McLachlan had waited a few months, he would not have opened his *Rhymes of a Montrealer* with the words

> Since poets lack, to sound her praise
> The layman dares . . . .

the narrow dimensions of the Canadian scene. The treatment of Campbell's nature-theory and nature-verse is not so clear, and some of the distinctions Mr Klinck draws between Campbell and his more gifted contemporaries are ingenious rather than convincing. The man who emerges from the book is neither attractive nor impressive. He thought that George Meredith was an insidious corrupter of morals, that the Roman Catholic Church had instigated the First World War, and that there was an active conspiracy in Canada and the United States to prevent the recognition of his poetry at its true worth. These ideas are not merely misguided; they are foolish and could not have been held by a mind of quality. Flightiness, a disposition to make enormous claims for himself and his work, an inner lack of solidity are betrayed again and again, although Mr Klinck has sought to interpret Campbell's temperament with imaginative sympathy. In Mr Gustafson's anthology Campbell is represented by one exquisite nature lyric—*Along the Line of Smoky Hills*—and after reading the life one wishes that Campbell had kept to subjects such as this, lived out his time as a Church of England rector in little Canadian towns and never met the Great.

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II. FICTION

J. R. MacGillivray

This has not been a very good year for Canadian fiction. The number of books published has been somewhat smaller than the average since these annual surveys were first undertaken. Once again one observes the preponderance of romance, the common lack of interest in the Canadian scene and contemporary life as imaginative material, and a cautiousness about trying any fictional technique which has not been tested elsewhere for at least a hundred years. Several creditable and interesting novels have appeared in 1942, but I doubt if any measured up to our ordinary best, for example to Mr MacLennan's *Barometer Rising* of the year before, nor does it seem likely that any will be much read ten years from now, or even five. The life-expectancy of almost all fiction is, of course, very brief, in Canada as elsewhere. Most of it is written, I should suppose, to stock the lending libraries and gift counters with a constant supply of "the latest books" for the solid feminine trade. The standards set up by these dependable patrons of contemporary fiction are not severe. The outcome of the story must not be too obvious from the second chapter and the situations should not be quite the same as the novel read last week. The ordinary cash-customer does not demand characterization that penetrates below the epidermis, rich and memorable language, criticism of life and society, experiments in technique, nor any serious practice of the difficult and fascinating art of fiction that might raise it in any way beyond the interest and capacity of all persons who read. This general dependence of fiction upon people

who have no literary interest does very little harm in a country where there is a large and varied reading public and enough systematic and positive discussion of books. The serious writer of fiction can expect to be read, understood, and appreciated by a not inconsiderable group. But if he writes in Canada, and especially if he writes for Canadians, he is under a grave disadvantage. He will have few local readers; he will find himself without the intellectual stimulation of systematic criticism; he will be tempted to imagine that the winning of a publisher's prize or the successful development of a salesman's campaign makes him a master of the art of fiction; and neither his fellow-writers nor the professional patrons of our national literature will disabuse him of this idea. Under these circumstances is it any wonder that our novelists rarely give us more than the most ordinary reader expects and the patrons of literature deserve? There is, of course, at least one means of escape from the dilemma, that is, to ignore entirely the local situation and address one's book to a public and criticism beyond our national borders. This has been the attitude of Mr Morley Callaghan and of a very few others. It requires courage and independence of mind. The temptation to follow an easier course must be almost overwhelming.

This year, for one reason or another, there has been a run on historical fiction. Perhaps it is remembered how many thousands (or was it millions?) of great thick romances of the Civil War and the American Revolution were sold not so long ago. Perhaps a story of the past, any past, seems serene and reassuring by contrast with what we are all reading from day to day. A good deal of the romantic and sensational fiction unconnected with place and time has appeared as usual, but there has also been a quite definite tendency of our writers to retire in imagination into the past, preferably well back of 1939.

It is surprising that one of the few novels of the year which touch even obliquely on the war and the international prospect is by Miss de la Roche who has always seemed to be a completely unalterable isolationist—Jalna for the Whiteoaks, and let the rest of the world, and of Canada, attend to its own worries and squabbles. *The Two Saplings* is not another instalment in the Jalna series. It is a psychological problem-story with both a domestic and an international aspect. The problem is contrived in the first chapter and a half and worked out in the rest of the book.

It results from two supplementary accidents, incredible as fact, but just possible for fiction, that two new-born children, one English, the other American, were exchanged in a London nursing-home without their parents knowing the difference, and that these families met thirteen years later, recognized one another and what had happened. So the domestic side of our psychological problem is introduced. Should the adolescent changlings be restored to their true parents? Should they be told? What would happen to the minds and emotions of all concerned? Could Palmer "Wylde" of Boston become an English boy as he should have been, and could Mark "Rendel" of Oakley Manor learn to be an American? Would not education, environment and rooted domestic affection through all the years of youth count for much more than mere legalistic rights and biological inheritance? To answer these questions the parents embark on an experiment. Without telling the compliant boys the true reason, they try a year's exchange "just to broaden their education." Palmer strives manfully to fit in at Oakley Manor and then at Eton; Mark has the corresponding experiences in New England. So the psychological problem in its international aspect is presented. Will Americans ever be able to accept the English just as they are, and the English the Americans? The question has special urgency in this story because the time is 1939-40, the year of the imperialist war, the phoney war, when there was not enough blood being spilt to please the spectators of the game.

The Two Saplings is a rather slight novel. It extends to little more than two hundred pages. The central situation may seem too artificial. Yet within the limits of subject and length set by the author, this book, I should say, is worked out with more skill than any other on the year's list. It has more maturity of style. There are few pages without some distinction. The reader is often pleased by the right word, by description of scene that stimulates imagination and memory, and by conversation or minor incident that is in character. Miss de la Roche is quite at ease in Oakley Manor and on Beacon Hill. She has limited her attention to the class which she knows and toward which she has always been attracted, though one hastens to add that her English and American gentry are more pleasant and normal people than the tribe of Gran Whiteoak. Yet they too have their peculiarities and deficiencies as the young expatriates in this story can see. The social order which

could leave David Corbold to drift from one school to another from childhood, without experience of home or domestic affection, while his parents were occupied with affairs of empire in India, seems as incomprehensible as the fog of perverted fact and blind prejudice which filled the mind of Gideon Greene who was being educated at Harvard. For the international problem posed there is no solution except understanding, goodwill, and tolerance, toward which this book makes its slight contribution. As for the domestic problem of the Rendels and the Palmers, environment wins over heredity, and even Mrs Palmer comes to realize that the results of thirteen years cannot be effaced. *The Two Saplings* is a quite unpretentious book, but it is simple in design, well developed "according to plan," and gives a fresh and interesting impression of the life of a class, or at least of representative families, on two sides of the Atlantic.

By contrast, Mr G. H. Sallans's *Little Man*, winner of the Ryerson "All-Canada Fiction Award," is a work of larger range, but somewhat bewildering in its general intention. There is, for example, the title. Is this the life-history of a "little man" in the Canada of two wars and a depression? If so he has singularly little reason to complain about his fortune. George Battle, the central figure in the book, is happy in his youthful surroundings, is able to make his way from farm to university, goes through the war with hardly a scratch, has two or three beautiful and entrancing young women competing for his favour, obtains an excellent job with a newspaper as soon as he returns to Canada, gets another, if less attractive, after the first one fails him, and when he ventures everything to denounce his wicked employer, his virtue is immediately rewarded by the applause of his fellow-citizens, the blessing of a prime minister, and election to the House of Commons. The little man is as lucky as an Alger boy. He is also ambitious. He proposes to become political leader of all the little men. His programme, presented with more vigour than clarity, seems to be based on a general hatred for politicians, officials, trade unions, socialism, and governmental regulation of business. To quote the dust-cover: "the author is merciless in his handling of shoddy Top Hats, fake Utopia Builders, spurious Abundant Lifers and Crack Pots of all sorts." This sounds rather like the language of Mr Roosevelt's enemies, the people who got on quite nicely in the old days of "free enterprise." But are they now calling themselves the forgotten men, the little men

of our more regulated age? It is all very confusing. So too is the style of dozens of paragraphs in which the hero's violent and vague indignation is recorded. "Like a harlot hawking her dreadful wares, the siren of state control had brought her strip-tease act from across the tracks, and the queue put on white collars. The world, thought George, was in a plush-lined hangover from the big spree. Ideology was elbowing integrity aside, and the lure of leisure outbid the boredom of labour."

Mr Sallans's general intention in the novel and his social philosophy may seem doubtful, but much of his description and dialogue is very good indeed. George Battle's first hours at the front with his artillery unit in the opening chapter, and in fact most of the pages on the Great War, are memorable and vivid. So too are incidental bits throughout the book; for example, the first meeting of George and Bo Charlton in the dormitory of a western college. Bo is the most entertaining person in the novel. He is lively, vulgar and human, a pleasant contrast from the serious, moody, and not very interesting George. Fortunately he reappears throughout the book and is not lost in the wreckage of war like Red Dall and Streak Johnson of the same gun-crew. It is a pity that Mr Sallans's real zest for these masculine characters and his not inconsiderable ability to create scene were not given more scope in his novel.

Among historical romances of the year the most widely read seems to have been *Thorn-Apple Tree* by Grace Campbell. It is a pleasant story of pioneer life in Glengarry Township near the beginning of the last century, largely in terms of the experience of Fairlie Fraser who comes from Scotland to visit her sister, marries Michael Ross, a fur trader just back from the West, adjusts herself to pioneer life, and finally persuades her husband to give up his wandering, become domesticated, and live quietly in the new farmhouse by the thorn-apple tree. The main conflict for the men is between the free life of the fur trader and the less diverting existence at home; and a chief concern of the women is to keep their menfolk within sight. Mrs Campbell has varied her brief novel with a good deal of incident, but her main purpose seems to have been to show us how people lived. We see them build houses and barns, clear land and plant crops, set out orchards or raft logs down to Quebec. There is a lot about domestic arrangements from the careful housekeeper's point of view: cooking,

the storage of food for the winter, making soap, questions of furniture, dishes, curtain and rugs. This is a book with an appropriately feminine quality. Like Fairlie Ross, it is pleasant, spirited, and decorous, "as winsome as it is wholesome." Even such potentially violent disturbances as a murder and a suicide barely ripple the serene surface of the story.

Thorn-Apple Tree, I should imagine, would appeal generally to women and, for other reasons, to most people of Highland Scottish descent, even though not of the true Glengarry breed. The family names, the Gaelic words, the Highland turns of English speech may all awaken amusing or sentimental memories of the strangely different people who were our grandparents. Much of the idyllic quality of the novel presumably is drawn from roots deep in domestic and local memory rather than from the more impersonal sources of historical fact. This is a restful book, romantic and ideal without any really disturbing characters, events, or ideas. Its attractive qualities are further enhanced by a pleasing format and by the wood-engravings of Mr Franklin Carmichael.

Somewhat similar is *The Case of Kinnear* by Robert Allison Hood. It is the story of David Erskine, a poor boy who becomes a minister of the Church of Scotland, is nominated to the parish of Kinnear, and after many difficulties is accepted by the congregation, and with rather less trouble wins the laird's daughter for his wife even from so formidable a rival as an English nobleman. The time is about 1840, and the background of the action the national dispute over lay-patronage in the church. This is really another kailyard romance, much of it in dialect, pleasant but superficial with its fine-mannered gentry, upright and liberal-minded minister, and sturdy common folk who are sharp to detect any modification of their Calvinist theology or their ancient liberties.

There has also appeared a new historical romance by Frederick Niven, *Brothers-in-Arms*, a book far below his best performance, perhaps because it is too remote in time and cannot be supported as so often by the author's own experience of life in Scottish cities or on the North American frontier a few decades ago. Nevertheless Glasgow and the American frontier are still his scenes, and he tries to gain a sense of personal contact with the distant past by relating his fiction as if it were the actual experience of an ancestor, James Niven, in the years 1753-5. Young Niven goes out to

Virginia from Glasgow in search of a wild and headstrong brother, encounters danger to his heart in Williamsburg and to his life on General Braddock's expedition toward Fort Duquesne, and after his brother's death returns to Glasgow and a more quiet existence. This book, like others on the year's list, is competently done, but is in no way impressive. It is difficult to understand why the erring brother should be followed from pillar to post except to make the semblance of a plot. Description and dialogue are good enough for this kind of story; the slight characterization of Washington is interesting but surely inadequate; the scenes in Williamsburg are clearly realized even if they sometimes seem like views of Mr Rockefeller's restored town; but Mr Niven can do much better than this when he is closer to his own time and place.

His Majesty's Yankees by Thomas H. Raddall is much more impressive. It is a novel of Nova Scotia in the days of the American Revolution. The historical thesis seems to be that there were as many liberty-boys in Nova Scotia as in the other colonies in 1774, and as much annoyance at foolish interference from London, but there was no Sam Adams to make the most of every incident, and when it came to a choice of being pushed about by the Whigs in Boston or by the Tories across the Atlantic, Nova Scotia preferred to take its chance with the more remote evil. The story is told by David Strang as an account of his experience as a secret agent, organizer, and soldier in the cause of revolt in the divided and hesitant colony. This is a crowded, lively and turbulent book. Dozens of characters come and go. The scene shifts through all Nova Scotia, to Boston and back again, by land and by sea. There is intrigue, battle, imprisonment, escape, and, of course, a love-story. Mr Raddall has a good visual imagination and dozens of his scenes remain in the reader's memory, for example, the first meeting with the shoemaker or the attack on Fort Cumberland. This is a first novel, but it is not far below the much admired American historical fiction of our time, and certainly shows no sign of the awkward beginner.

Finally, in this group, there is a new historical novel by W. G. Hardy, *All the Trumpets Sounded*, on the life and loves of Moses. Persons who read *Father Abraham* or *Turn Back the River* will know what this book is like. Once again there is the sensational background of an ancient civilization crowded with undistinguishable characters, most of them with a strong taste for

cruelty and lust, a central figure more bold but hardly more admirable than the others, and occasional suggestions of correspondence to our own time, in this case in the sufferings of the Jews. Mr Hardy has chosen an heroic theme for his novel, but he has failed in execution because he seems to have no real interest in its heroic capacities. His mind and imagination are elsewhere. Once again he has wasted his considerable literary energy and archaeological knowledge on a book mainly calculated to appeal to the ordinary readers of drug-store fiction.

Three other novels of the year, not of the historical type, deserve rather more than the briefest notice. They are *Under Running Laughter* by D. J. Manners, *Timber* by R. L. Haig-Brown, and *Call Her Rosie* by Eva Bruce.

The first two of these books display some interest in the Canadian scene and have for a general theme the relationship of a lumber company with its employees and their families. The scene of the first is a small town in Northern Ontario, of the second logging camps in British Columbia. Mr Manners is interested in village types, normal and otherwise, and his central figure and observer is an intelligent young woman who comes from the city to work in the company's office. His novel is remarkable and refreshing among books of the year in its attention to common scenes and ordinary people, and in its restrained but powerful treatment of a few incidents, notably the accident at the mill. Mr Haig-Brown in *Timber*, as in his earlier *Return to the River*, is a competent but not very serious amateur in fiction whose work is mainly impressive in its exact technical knowledge, and, to a lesser degree, in its social awareness. He gives us a great deal of information about the logging industry, rather indecisive musings about company-employee relations, and a story which with these extraneous supplements has at least more to it than the usual novel of the out-of-doors.

Call Her Rosie by Eva Bruce is of interest because it is a humorous book, a rare species, this year unique. It is the story of young Rosie Dupris and her vigorous campaign to clear up a slum, her own house and family. The Dupris tribe lived in comfortable, beery squalour, and enjoyed it, until Rosie developed a violent passion for being "respectable" and undertook to reform

the family if it killed them. This is a quite ridiculous, farcical story of low life, of no importance as fiction, but a pleasant addition to the year's list nevertheless.

Finally, there is the miscellaneous order of popular magazine fiction in book-form, assorted romances, tales of rugged adventure on the frontier, and detective stories. *Intruders in Eden* by Arthur Stringer, a yarn about a man, a woman, and a gangster on a tobacco farm in Southern Ontario, makes one sorry again that the author will not put his knowledge and his fluent style to better use. *Night of Flame* by Dyson Carter, a sensational story about goings-on in a hospital, is a complete course in popular medicine, popular hospital administration and popular eroticism, with a great deal about fire-prevention and fire-fighting thrown in for good measure. Margaret Duley's new book, *Novelty on Earth*, is an ordinary story of extra-marital intrigue chiefly notable for its curious mixture of determined whimsy and sophistication and the dizzy pirouetting style of the more carefully fanciful passages. *Fires in the Vine*, by Ethel Kirk Grayson, the story of a family living in Ontario since the end of the eighteenth century, displays great industry and ambition but is loose in construction, too much crowded with names without character, and is highly artificial and un-Mendelian in the treatment of persistent family traits. *Northwest Law* by S. A. White is just another western romance about train-robbers, Indians, and the Mounted in the early days, and *Devil's Portage* by Charles Stoddard is just another version of the standard northern tale of more recent time with its half-breeds, Indians, and mysterious visitor from civilization, the sinister lake from which no one returns, the violent crisis in each chapter, and the triumphant pouncing on free gold and the villain at the end of the book. As for detective stories, the only two that reached me, *The Weak-Eyed Bat* and *The Devil Loves Me* both by Margaret Millar, are Dr Paul Prye cases, much like *The Invisible Worm* last year. The scene of one is Lake Rosseau, of the other Toronto. In each book there is a whole menagerie of scoundrels and eccentrics any one of which might do anything, a new murder each few chapters, much mysterious interrogation by the psychiatrist-detective, a drug of remarkable properties, and a solution which no one but a writer of detective fiction would think plausible.

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III. DRAMA — W. S. MILNE

War-wrought dearth of original Canadian drama continues, except in the one dramatic field which lends itself best to propaganda purposes, radio. The published work is so slight as to be hardly worth mentioning. *The Betrayal*, a passion play by Father Dowsett, already reviewed in the QUARTERLY, is now published by Samuel French in a cheap acting addition. Robertson Davies has edited a volume of scenes from Shakespeare "for young players." I am heartily in accord with much of what he says about the playing and teaching of Shakespeare in schools—I have said the same sort of thing myself in print and out of it—but I do not think he is entirely happy in the tone of his remarks. Children resent being talked down to, and detect and react to any hint of condescension more quickly than many adults suppose. Another school collection, comprising eight original one-act plays, is Hilda Hooke's *One-Act Plays from Canadian History*. These are admirable alike in matter and style. The author finds her material in the side-roads of chronicle rather than in the travelled highways, and this gives her work a freshness and persuasiveness that is too often lacking in the

big-name charades that are sometimes called historical plays. These modest dramas show that instinct for the rhythms of the spoken word and that sense of dramatic effectiveness which come generally from practical experience in the theatre. Three of the plays deal with Colonel Talbot, one with Sir William Johnson's wife, Joseph Brant's sister, one with Champlain's first settlers, and three with the almost legendary figure of Dr Troyer of Baldoon. One other book completes the survey of printed material: *The Angry Men* by Norman L. Burnette and Ella Monckton. This is a health propaganda play, "To provide an historic background at meetings in connection with nutrition." Its four episodes deal with the first fight against scurvy, beriberi, rickets, and pellagra. Although intended to be staged, its form would make it more effective as a radio play.

Since plays, unlike novels, completely realize the intention of their authors only when presented on a stage before an audience, this survey has consistently included consideration of Canadian plays produced for the first time during the year of the survey, irrespective of whether they have also been published or not. Indeed, Canadian playwrights seldom do get their plays published, regardless of their merits. There are many admirable native plays in existence that have perhaps received only one local presentation, and it is the hope of the writer of this survey that it may serve to recall from the oblivion of our dramatists' files some of these, when social and economic conditions again create a demand for Canadian drama. After the war, surely some clearing-house for native play scripts could be organized, so that when a work of merit is discovered and produced by the Medicine Hat Players, let us say, dramatic groups in Toronto and Vancouver and Ottawa and Halifax will have access to it also.

Of the full-length unpublished plays, unquestionably the best is Helen Gordon's "Loyal Traitor." For two of its three acts, it maintains a nice balance between comedy of ideas and melodrama, although its third act goes to pieces under the heavy weight of plot *dénouement* not too skilfully handled. The characterizations and dialogue, however, are excellent throughout, and although the play's war theme will pay the penalty of "timeliness" as soon as the war is over, its other excellences make Miss Gordon worth watching. She has another play in this survey, a one-acter entitled "Old Cinderella," in which an ugly duckling mother eclipses her

glamorous daughters. It is hardly an original theme, but the dialogue and characterizations are again unusually well done.

A more pretentious effort is Herman Voaden's "Ascend as the Sun." Mr Voaden believes that the impact of the drama may be intensified many times if the straight dramatic action is embroidered by interpretative dancing, changing play of coloured lights, cloaked figures intoning turgid abstractions under a baby spotlight in the most unexpected places, gongs, drums and trumpets. It would obviously be unfair—indeed impossible—to judge Mr Voaden's work from the pages of his manuscripts, so these remarks are to be taken as applying to the public presentation of the play, which the writer saw last spring. It was not a good presentation, judged even by the peculiar standards of Mr Voaden. It was under-rehearsed and sloppily directed, but making all allowance for that, one came away with the very definite feeling that whatever Mr Voaden was trying to say, he had chosen the wrong medium for it. His commenting voices, far from enhancing the effect of his scenes, merely interrupted them, and often destroyed by condescending explanation what the actors had succeeded in creating. The theme of "Ascend as the Sun" is the birth, childhood and adolescence of a fairly typical Canadian boy, although the author tries hard to make the boy seem exceptional. He makes one feel the tragedy of the sensitive boy who suffers pangs of loneliness as he grows up, because he does not realize that other boys have the same dreams, fight the same fights with themselves, suffer the same disillusionments. But he also makes one suspect that Mr Voaden does not realize it either. It is a sort of umbilical retrospection, or autobiographical hero-worship, set forth in a cumbrous and eccentric idiom, based on what this critic believes to be a misconception of the aesthetics of the modern theatre. Mr Voaden has creative power, but he has manœuvred it into a blind alley.

Several other plays may be briefly mentioned. Hilda Hooke again gives us "The Great Peace," a charming Indian play for children, and "Legend," based on the poem telling of the child Jesus giving roses to his playmates, and prophetically retaining the thorns. It is delicately and skilfully handled, miraculously avoiding the maudlin and smug. "For Better, for Worse," by Gordon Kidd, is a silly attempt at sophisticated farce. Kathryn Colquhoun's "Baxter's Dilemma," a farce about a bachelor who

becomes temporary possessor of a kidnapped baby, would, if condensed, make an admirable revue sketch.

Now for Radio.

Radio is the only paying field open to the Canadian dramatic writer at the present time. Broadcasting stations from coast to coast, operating nineteen hours a day or more, seven days a week, send forth entertainment, enlightenment and propaganda in a steady stream, and although only a small part of radio's varied fare can properly be called dramatic, yet the number of dramatic scripts written, produced and forgotten in a year must be enormous. For the purposes of this survey, writers and broadcasting stations were asked to send in scripts. The response was very incomplete, but in spite of that, thirty pounds avoirdupois of scripts were submitted, representative of the best work of some thirty authors.

Horace Brown leads the parade, in quantity, and perhaps also in quality, with a total of fifty-four scripts written and produced during 1942, most of which are of considerable merit. He is the author of several of "The Army Speaks" series, in which he makes typical soldiers of various units tell of their lives before and after enlistment. As dramatic entertainment or as recruiting propaganda, these scripts maintain a high level. The author digs his material out of the current news, and is expert at scoring the effect he is after, generally melodramatic "punch" or pathos, which he at times overdoes. His themes possess for the most part a family resemblance; his backgrounds are admirably varied. There are buses, cars, trucks, tanks and aeroplanes. He is equally at home with miners and baseball players and burglars and pugilists and school-teachers. He gives his listeners spies and saboteurs and escaping prisoners and research scientists and paratroopers and steel workers. He urges us to enlist or buy bonds or save salvage or defeat rumours. His dialogue is terse and credible, his situations strong. Many of his scripts are doubtless run-of-the-mill, but at least one, "The Wall," a study of a man driven insane by his wife's tongue, is decidedly above the average of radio plays.

Radio drama is often produced in series of thirteen or more, and of these series, perhaps the most original and versatile is "A Baker's Dozen," by twenty-one year old Fletcher Markle of Vancouver. These scripts are off the beaten track of radio presentation, excellent and unusual entertainment. Another series that is delightfully unusual is "Canadian Canterbury Tales," adaptation by Ben Lep-

kin and Tommy Tweed of Watson Kirkconnell's *Flying Bull and Other Tales*. The adapters have been faithful to the rollicking verse of the original yarns.

Very few of the scores of scripts read for this survey could be considered important contributions to dramatic literature, but very few of them could be called devoid of merit. Some of the more interesting scripts read are here given brief mention:

Earle Grey's "Dramas from the Bible" series, colloquial, non-sectarian narratives, excellent of their kind; the same author's "The Mission" and "It Has Happened"; Archie MacCorkindale's "Dance of the Dummies," poking clever fun at the radio serials; David Scott's "Mine Women," in which effective use is made of the supernatural; Elsie Park Gowan's "Maestro," although it was probably more effective as a stage play; Gabrielle Houghton's "Rabbit's Foot," plot with original twist and good dialogue; Edward C. Joseph's "A One Track Mind," excellent spy melodrama; Len Peterson's "How Fame Came to Archie McFee," a comedy of the pathos of the ordinary little man; Marjorie Jordan's "Dear Allergy," an original farce, really funny, though the climax is muffed; and the delightful "Penny" series by the same author; Andrew Allan and John Bethune's Christmas play, "The Oracles are Dumb"; Ray Darby's "Magnetos for Rommel," an escaping prisoner melodrama with a light touch in dialogue; John Gaunt's "War in the Pacific" series, particularly "Lost Isle of Malua."

Mary Grannan's "Just Mary" stories have a large following, and her "Children's Scrapbook" is supposed to be one of the most popular programmes on the Canadian air, although it is hard to analyse its appeal.

What is probably the long-distance record in Canadian script-writing is held by Dean Hughes, whose chronicles of "The Craigs," in which rural life sympathetically presented is used as the vehicle for government farming propaganda, have been running every day for nearly four years.

Radio programmes are sometimes written, rehearsed and presented all in twenty-four hours, and are often doubtless forgotten as quickly. But out of the welter of dramatic scripts, of which the foregoing is a very superficial sampling, there must surely be a few each year worthy of being preserved and revived. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation might be doing Canadian letters a service by publishing an annual collection of its most outstanding scripts.

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Published plays

Burnette (N. L.) and **Monckton (Ella)**. Angry men, play in four episodes (Ottawa, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 42 pp.). **Davies (Robertson)**, Shakespeare for young players, junior course (Toronto, Clarke, Irwin, xvi, 255 pp., 75c.). **Dowsett (G. N.)**, Betrayal, passion drama in three acts (N.Y., Samuel French, xx, 98 pp., 90c.). **Hooke (H. M.)**, One-act plays from Canadian history (Toronto, Longmans, xiv, 157 pp., 60c.).

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K. E. COLQUHOUN, Baxter's dilemma (York Players, Toronto). HELEN GORDON, Loyal traitor (Saskatoon Little Theatre Club), Old Cinderella (Saskatoon Little Theatre Club). H. M. HOOKE, Great peace, legend of Pacific coast (Ryerson Public School, London), Legend (Cronyn Memorial Church, London). GORDON KIDD, For better, for worse (London Little Theatre). W. M. SPEARING, Lucky break (Prince Albert Little Theatre Guild). HERMAN VOADEN, Ascend as the sun (Play Workshop, Toronto).

Radio plays (produced over C.B.C.)

ANDREW ALLAN, All the bright company; and JOHN BETHUNE, Oracles are dumb, Peace in our time. HORACE BROWN, The barnstormer, Birth of a man, Cave-in, Deadline, December twenty-fifth, 1942, Dive into hell, Don't look now, Emperor is dead, Entr'acte, Fast train east, The foreigner, Gallant little lady, Girls they leave behind them, Give us the tools, Green eyes of Marie, I give my life, I plant fallow field, I will keep pure and holy, Jungle mist, Junior tells all, Let there be light, Light at Devil's Head, Lights went out, Live wires, Murder takes back seat, My land, my Canada, My son, Once to every man, Pen and sword, Roll 'em!, Silent fighters, Slap-happy Jones, Song of Canada, Taxi! taxi!, That man is a spy, They also serve, Tribute to Louella; Two Nazi prisoners escape, The wall, Well, dig! dig! dig!, Women must wait. DYSON CARTER, Immortal unknown. RAY DARBY, Magnetos for Rommel, Missing Cinderella. JOHN GAUNT, War in Pacific—Lost isle of Malua, From sea to sea, Silent guerrilla, Bend sinister, Liberty march, Headhunters, One Englishman. E. P. GOWAN, Maestro. M. E. GRANNAN, Children's scrapbook, Just Mary stories. EARLE GREY, Dramas from Bible—Expectation, Man of faith, Man of God, Man of love, Man who listened to voice of God, Man who saved his people, It has happened, The mission, Neighbourly duty. GABRIELLE HOUGHTON, Rabbit's foot. DEAN HUGHES, Bomb victims, The Craigs, Prisoners of war, Prison of Laghouat. JEFF HURLEY, Turn down an empty glass. MARJORIE JORDAN, Dear allergy, Mrs Sergeant Flynn, Penny goes farmerette, Penny goes to war, Three volunteers. E. C. JOSEPH, One track mind. IRENE JUTTNER, No Christmas please, Poison flowers, Two were found murdered. BEN LEPKIN and TOMMY TWEED, Canadian Canterbury tales, adapted from *Flying Bull* by Watson Kirkconnell. ARCHIE MACCORKINDALE, . . . and all our tomorrows, Dance of dummies, Night club, Night song. FLETCHER MARKLE, Baker's dozen—One to get ready, He and she, Journey to eternity, Gilby's of Millbrook, They come and go, Simple as A.B.C., There was a young man, Brainstorm between opening and closing announcements, Unfinished blues, For love of Mike. ANNE MARRIOTT, Douglas fir, Twenty-third, Wedding March. RICHARD MORENUS, Forgotten gift. J. D. NIXON, One leaf from a maple. LEN PETERSON, End of line, How fame came to Archie McFee, Look down. GEORGE SALVERSON and NEHUSTA COLLINS, Letter for New Year. DAVID SCOTT, Mine women. MAC SHOUB, Dear mom, and white angels, Let there be light, My own, my native land, Thunder on, democracy.

IV. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS

W. E. Collin

Section I of this essay deals with books on Religion, Philosophy, Sociology, Education, Arts and Crafts in French Canada, and French-Canadian Culture. Section II is a review of Literary Criticism appearing during the year. Sections III and IV are concerned with Poetry and Drama respectively, and Section V with Fiction and Narrative Sketches. Section VI contains notes on Historical and Biographical books, and Section VII notes on miscellaneous works. The divisions in the Lists correspond to those in the essay.

I

After surveying the literature published in 1942 we have one dominant impression: the themes which have lately occupied French-Canadian intellectuals—survival, political and economic emancipation, "refrancisation"—are giving ground before a solicitude of a more intimate and spiritual cast. As François Hertel puts it, "a purely political nationalism has brought us to nothing. The economic conquest in which we are engaged at present will in its turn be sterile if it is not grafted to a spiritual resuscitation. Men pass; ideas are eternal." Directed by Churchmen aware of what is happening in the world today, this spiritual awakening manifests itself in a will to bring certain advancing currents of thought into the broad stream of Thomist doctrine, to interpret popular social aspirations in the light of Papal encyclicals, and it expresses itself in slogans borrowed from Maritain, Maulnier, Daniel-Rops, Berdyaev, and others. The special Canadian notes in its voice are: "The mystic Body of Christ," "return to the good earth." There is a decided cult of the Catholic writers of France, especially Claudel, Péguy, Bloy, Maritain. French-Canadian publishing houses have begun to re-issue editions of French authors. Péguy is regarded as a rallying name from Vichy to Brazzaville. The December number of *La Nouvelle Relève* contained six articles written by various hands in homage to Maritain. It is to be expected that those French intellectuals who happen to be on this continent will make a substantial contribution to the Canadian renaissance. Gustave Cohen is at Yale, Baldensperger at the University of California, Bernanos writes from Brazil. In view of possible developments in Canada, Yves Simon's article on "La

philosophie dans la foi"[1] is important because it underlines the influence of Bergson and Blondel on recent Christian thought.

Since 1879, when Pope Leo XIII decided on the restoration of Thomism, centres of Thomist studies have been established all over the Catholic world. In 1930 the Académie canadienne Saint-Thomas d'Aquin was opened in Canada. One Catholic writer has coined the word *thomismiser* to describe that activity which consists in adapting thought and teaching to the exigencies of Thomism. In the latest account of the sessions of the Académie two examples of this process are a paper on "The Antigonish Movement" and a paper entitled "Autour du racisme." Cardinal Villeneuve's two tracts, *Le Sacrement de la Pénitence* and *Le Sacrement de l'Eucharistie*, contain instructions on these sacraments in the light of Scripture, the Council of Trent, and Thomist doctrine. But the most imposing illustration of the process is François Hertel's metaphysical treatise *Pour un Ordre personnaliste*.

Hertel's work may be looked upon as an attempt to bring existential philosophy to terms with Maritain's integral Christian humanism. *Existenz*, from which the term *existential* is derived, was based upon a conception of "choice of oneself as freedom," separating oneself as a responsible person from the rest of one's world. One's whole personality is bound up in the decision, one obeys an inner impulse to realize oneself which is beyond objective criticism. Heidegger translated choice of oneself into choice of one's race. Scheler erected a hierarchy of "superior personalities": society, nation, State, God. In this way personalism develops into impersonalism, an expression of the crowd's will to glory and power. We trust that Heidegger's example may be a warning to any philosopher who employs the concept of superior personalities. It is Berdyaev whom Hertel cites, and there are many ideas in Berdyaev that a French-Canadian thinker can welcome. But the clarity and force of Berdyaev's appeal springs from his unequivocal renunciation of post-Renaissance humanism and his emphasis upon man's "superabundance of creative powers." In Hertel there is a certain wavering and strain: his discourse on work is unsteady because the creative joy he glimpses is confused with a notion of utility, his saint is crushed between choosing himself as freedom and giving himself to God. There is a "practical" mysticism, a

[1] *Nouvelle Relève*, mars, 336-42.

high sphere of spiritual thought, but there is only a glimpse of real mysticism. He quotes St. Peter's words, "partakers of the divine nature," only to slip over them as having an "analogical" significance. We may be permitted to reflect, however, that had he faced the concrete reality of the significance he might have created a more personal and truly mystic philosophy. We find in this work an elucidation of the author's imagist aesthetic; we should have liked to find the unique spiritual adventure hinted at in certain odd passages of *Axe et parallaxes*, a personal experience of intimate communion with being, of fusion with God.

Father Gérard Petit's *L'Homme contemporain et le problème social* also begins with a discussion of the human person and ends with the Mystic Body of Christ. Father Léonce Boivin's "conclusion" to his long work on *Le Combat social* merely differs in terms. Social life, he writes, is man's normal life and God is its centre.

The central thesis of Catholic eugenics is given in Father Hervé Blais' *Les Tendances eugénistes au Canada* as the moralization of souls; but there is also a good deal of emphasis on personal rights. Armed with the encyclical *Casti connubii*, 1930, Father Blais joins issue with the radical biologists. All that regards the sacraments is reserved for the Church. Yet marriage is a natural and inalienable right of the human personality and no human authority, neither the State nor the Church nor any other power on earth can deprive the human personality of its rights. Man's ends surpass those of eugenics.

Human personality figures again in Dr Antonio Barbeau's conception of the role, an eminently social role, the physician is going to play after the war. The introductory chapter to his *Sous les Platanes de cos* is a striking piece of writing which frames the medical practitioner in a special sort of personalism. "In a doctor then there are three wisdoms: his profession, his general culture, his philosophy of life . . . and if, like medical culture, general culture is in a sense universal it is, much more than the former, linked to conditions of time, person, and place." This reasoning, which is a variant of Taine's famous theory, is calculated to preserve the characteristic essentials of French-Canadian medicine.

The Franciscan Fathers of Canada have published a bibliographical essay, *Autour de "Rerum Novarum,"*[2] which lists more

[2]Québec, Edns. de *Culture*, 1941.

than 1,100 articles dealing with the encyclical *On the Condition of the Working Classes* during the fifty years since it was given to the world. M. Montpetit, in *La Conquête économique*, III, takes his themes not from the encyclical but from the interpretation of it by four American Catholic Bishops. What Montpetit sees in industry is the same division of labour as that which obtains in the home. In the most recent of the essays, "Introduction to Civics," his reaction to the spectacle of the city may be summed up in his own word: marvellous. "Society is an immense buzzing hive in which each is at the service of others and, in short, all in the service of each." From birth to death man profits by society and in return ought to bend himself to his civic duty, acquire a civic spirit, and put Rousseau to shame. This author transforms economics into a human science. Direct observation of the daily life of the city may be good method, but he knows that the springs of action are in man's heart. And Montpetit's intuitions of the heart are extremely vivid: "Civic spirit is like moral radio-activity coming from latent energies deposited in the intimate places of the heart." Newman, who spoke of these latent energies: desires, beliefs, fears, and hopes, never pictured them in more glowing terms.

The Abbé Clément Baribeau covers much the same ground as Montpetit but somewhat more exhaustively in *Leçons sociales dans la lumière des encycliques pontificales*.

While M. Georges Lafontaine's *Le Coopératisme et l'organisation économique de la Gaspésie* is a study of the "economic conquest" of the Gaspé region, the encyclopedic volume *Notre Milieu*, edited by M. Esdras Minville, is a general survey of the physical, economic, and human aspects of the province. In the introductory chapter M. Montpetit traces the development of the theory of environmental influence from the Greeks to Jean Bruhnes and "human geography," the science of environment transformed and enriched by man. He might have included his own science of human economics. Montpetit has a poetic sense of beauty and grandeur which is a delight, apart from his ideas. M. Benoît Brouillette, in a chapter on the geographical regions of Quebec, faces the problem of defining the terms *regionalism* and *region*. "It is the very essence of a region," he writes, "to have natural limits and to be occupied by human groups which find their subsistence within them."

Regards sur les sciences expérimentales is another encyclopedic enterprise, bringing together papers in which a number of scientists explain the role of observation in the experimental sciences.

In the wake of Minville and Montpetit other men of a different temper occupy themselves with practical applications of their ideas. They ask themselves: What can we do to *serve* the national idea? And they answer: Restore the French physiognomy of the province. M. René Guénette, for example, editor of *L'Ecole Canadienne*, translates nationalist themes into educational programmes. One of the chapters in his *La Cité nouvelle* is entitled "In the steps of M. Edouard Montpetit." The Abbé Savard's *Menaud* and Gauvreau's *Artisans du Québec* are texts for meditation on vocational training, peasant art, and the tourist trade. Last year after visiting Quebec, Father Couturier, the French artist, found that under pretence of assisting peasant craftsmanship and exploiting the tourist trade professors and so-called artists have spoiled what remained of the peasants' natural simplicity and good taste.

Rev. Adrien Bernier's little book on *The Contributions of the Schools of Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pocatière to Catholic Education in the Province of Quebec* is intended to correct the impression that the classical colleges are routine-bound by calling attention to the pioneer work done by the College of Sainte-Anne. In 1842 a commercial course in English was organized, the first in the province. The School of Agriculture, founded in 1859, has grown into the Faculty of Agriculture of Laval University. The School of Fisheries, founded in 1938, is the only one of its kind in Quebec. Its Social-Economic Service has undertaken the education of fishermen through lectures, periodicals, and study clubs.

The teachers of Hull in their recent congresses have discussed civics and vocational training. But M. Charles Maurel seems to have had a special illumination when he wrote *Écoles de maris*. "If I inherited a throne," he begins, "my first royal gesture would be to endow my kingdom with special institutions destined to mould competent husbands. That is what the world lacks most."

Among those who have applied themselves to study and revive the French tradition none has laboured more faithfully than M. Marius Barbeau. His books, in French and English, are legion. This year he published an essay on Côté, the woodcarver, and for the *Éditions du Zodiaque* he collected nine essays on *Maîtres artisans de chez-nous* covering most of the arts and crafts: the

making of altar linens, lace and embroidery (Jeanne Le Ber), the work of silversmiths, builders, shipbuilders, weavers of arrow sashes, woodcarvers, and sculptors of totem poles. This book is a companion to Gauvreau's and Morisset's.

The novelty of M. Gérard Morisset's brochure, *François Ranzoyzé (1739-1819)*, is the precision with which the author analyses the work of a silversmith who began as a locksmith and a gunsmith—"The art of a locksmith and a gunsmith is the art of openwork and stamping. He remembers it to the purpose in his decoration of works in which the technique approximates the locksmith's trade"—and his desire to understand Ranvoyzé's temperament, the dominant character of which he believes to be a fantasy which comes from an unconscious disdain of symmetry and leads to incoherence or, at least, a certain absence of cohesion and logic—the temperament of a craftsman-poet.

M. Émile Falardeau's brochure on the artist Charles-Alexis Boucher in the series *Artistes et artisans du Canada* is quite a different matter. It is the work of a historian preoccupied with family documents.

In the early pages of his *Réflexions sur l'avenir des Canadiens français* M. Edmond Turcotte creates an impression of intellectual strength which gradually diminishes and leaves us with a picture of cheap electric power carried to the most remote farms of the province. This author has the usual vision of French Canada's role in the New World and he toys with the idea of a union of French elements in Canada and the United States. But unlike many of his compatriots who view the survival of the race as providential and miraculous, Turcotte—and in this he resembles Maheux—sees the survival as due to an historical climate produced by England's genius for compromise. He is therefore willing to let the dead past bury its dead. He looks to the future and puts his trust in a resisting will, an active faith. The hopeful signs in this author are his understanding of historical and geographical determinism and his vision of a social régime designed to serve the people.

The historical spirit is one of the distinguishing traits of a doctor's dissertation on *Les Problèmes politiques du Nord canadien*. The author, M. Yvon Bériault, traces the development of two political ideas and their bearing on the Arctic regions lying to the north of Canada. The first is the theory of the section (a triangle

of territory converging on the pole) and the second is the theory of occupation, to the latter of which the author inclines. Although these lands are inhospitable, they are rich in metals, fish, and furs and politically important because of the proximity of Greenland which may be used as a basis for military operations.

II

Literary criticism, of which there is an abundance, usually centres upon French or French-Canadian themes; M. Harry Bernard's studies of the American novel are quite exceptional.[3]

Of the critics who discuss French-Canadian subjects there are two classes: historical critics who carry on their work of research in archives and libraries and those more original critics who discuss current literature and judge it in the light of principles and beliefs they hold to be true. M. Séraphin Marion, who studies critical attitudes he has found in early Canadian journals (*Les Lettres canadiennes d'autrefois*), belongs to the first class; M. Guy Sylvestre, M. Roger Duhamel, and M. Marcel Dugas to the second class, who can be aided in their judgments by the private confessions of authors such as Rex Desmarchais' "La destinée humaine, cette petite chose,"[4] Clément Marchand's "Bilan de la trentième,"[5] Sylvestre's "Catholicisme: Pages de journal,"[6] interviews such as Desmarchais' "Chez Valdombre"[7]—"Valdombre possesses one of the most complete collections of Léon Bloy in the Province"—and by the work of librarians who compile bio-bibliographies of authors, for example, M. Lucien Lortie's *Abbé Maheux*, and M. Antoine Roy's "Abbé Ivanhoë Caron."[8]

In an interesting article on "Littérature et climat de culture"[9] M. Romain Legaré examines three important novels, *Un Homme et son peché*, *Trente arpents*, et *Menaud, maître draveur*, to show that in their treatment of French-Canadian character and climate they "express the profound tendencies of eternal man." Baillargeon seems to have a different opinion of regionalism. "It is exotism that one consumes on the premises." The title of his review,

[3]"Nationalisme du roman américain," "Filiation de Mark Twain," "Les noirs des Etats-Unis et le roman américain" (*Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, avril-juin, juillet-sept., oct.-déc., 123-38, 327-41, 408-27).

[4]*Revue Dominicaine*, nov., 197-205.

[5]*Ibid.*, avril, 229-34.

[6]*Amérique Française*, mars, 39-44.

[7]*Nouvelle Relève*, avril, 404-8.

[8]*Culture*, mars, 91-4.

[9]*Ibid.*, juin, 193-219.

"Amérique française," indicates his desire to broaden the French-Canadian horizon. Speaking of this review he says: "It is a movement. It is, more precisely, the literary expression of the veritable Renaissance which is taking form in French Canada in every domain. Like it, this review is the work of young people." Baillargeon is another Toulet, a Parnassian and moralist, a bitter critic of the "culte du moi." In his "Épigrammes"[10] and "Réponses"[11] he continues *Hasard et moi*, the fiction under which he probes the literary consciousness which pretends to find its sustenance in itself—"De son grand vide intérieur elle fait une profondeur. Effet d'ombre."—and the literary form "journal intime." Perhaps this is a "fantaisiste" way of caricaturing his own inner world, for in the outer world he resembles Walter de la Mare's "traveller" who knocks and finds nobody there, or that "étranger"[12] of whom he writes:

> Le monde est une porte épaisse
> Que je heurte bon gré mal gré,
> De mes pas, de mon cœur, sans cesse.

M. Paul Toupin gives us his final impression of Francœur in "Léon Daudet toujours mort."[13] "I catch a glimpse of grave heresies in all he writes . . . . In general he adored emptiness, vanity . . . he understood nothing of the only two aspects of life . . . the only two interpretations of man . . . nothing of the tragic, nothing of the comic."

Duhamel briefly surveys Canadian fiction and poetry in "Notes sur le roman franco-canadien"[14]—"Desrosiers works slowly and surely. Desmarchais and Charbonneau, the youngest, intend to pursue their career. We shall perhaps owe to them the masterpieces of French-Canadian fiction."—and "Voies de la poésie."[15] Beginning with Madame Maritain's definition of poetry he speaks of the poets who for the last hundred years have sung the high feats of our history or celebrated some stereotyped sentimental effusions, as versifiers. "They set themselves no metaphysical problem and poetry for them was certainly not an instrument of knowledge but simply a drawing-room game and an ornament." Choquette, Brien, and Hertel are the most vigorous poets of our time according

[10] *Amérique Française*, août, 12-15.
[11] *Ibid.*, mars, 17-19.
[12] *Ibid.*, nov., 7.
[13] *Ibid.*, sept., 50-1.
[14] *Relations*, juillet, 188-9.
[15] *Ibid.*, oct., 278-9.

to Duhamel, who concludes his essay with this remark, quite characteristic of the younger critics: "Our contemporaries . . . seek to extricate themselves from that literary jingoism which is synonymous with narrowness. They share identical preoccupations with the poets of other countries. They gather into their souls the song of the world and their universe is not bounded by the horizon of their parish . . . . In ten years Canadian poetry in the French language has accomplished astonishing progress; it has knocked down frontier posts, it has set out along the highway of the universal."

Approches, by Marcel Dugas, contains essays on Léo-Pol Morin, the pianist and critic, Alain Grandbois, François Hertel, Saint-Denys Garneau, and Simone Routier. Without sounding the depths of Hertel's art Dugas makes the poet accessible to the ordinary reader. "He dichotomizes," says Dugas very truly, but he neither questions Hertel's fundamental premisses nor discusses the affiliations of his imagism. Garneau, the most difficult of poets, is the eternal poet-child. "What a child is this Garneau, child like all the great poets who, when they realize it, find themselves suddenly descended into a universe that has nothing to do with eternal poetry, the sister of dream!" Garneau's poetry "is a drama in which he is the principal actor, descending into his soul and returning from that labyrinth. He strives to enumerate its riches and its agonies. All his physical being is tortured by the suffering of this death which is installed within him. He is a prey to delirium and he is afraid. He will hear nothing, say nothing. He would be afraid to wake up."

In a "Lettre à Joseph Ouvrard sur les écrivains catholiques"[18] M. Berthelot Brunet says: "I loved only witticisms, my discourse felt the effects of it." He never spoke a truer word. Two things he did not learn in France: clarity and moderation. We are willing to believe that his intention is to re-think primordial truths as a humorist but his discourse is a river in spate, it gives us no repose. His wit dances in and out of it, making it as turgid as his enthusiasm for the faith. It is the utterance of a preaching friar. But if his discourse is turgid his ideas are simple. He is the scourge of unbelievers and the defender of the faith. He has collected his "critiques" in a volume entitled *Chacun sa vie*, which contains

[18] *Revue Dominicaine*, déc., 262-73.

inimitable discourses on hypocrisy, free-thought, faith, miracles, and one, the best in our opinion, in which he administers a corrective to the disciples of Léon Bloy: "People are Catholic because of Léon Bloy: people were Catholic because of Maurras: I am mistrustful, in spite of the Maritains and Raïssa Maritain's beautiful book."

In a collection of *Pensées et souvenirs* we come upon this judgment of Bloy by the well-known critic and journalist, Fernand Rinfret: "Heard a lecture on Léon Bloy. It awakened all my aversion for that unjust, intolerant writer. Why do they always want to restore the Kingdom of Christ by violence? An amiable unbeliever is nearer to Christ than this impassioned mystic."

The most active of the younger critics is undoubtedly Guy Sylvestre. Besides review articles for *Le Droit* and numerous studies of French writers, he has published an *Anthologie de la poésie canadienne d'expression française*. The introduction he writes to this anthology is important because it gives us the critic's conception of poetry, which accounts for the selections he makes: "True poetry . . . is then profoundly human, a love song of the world and its Author . . . . Poetry is the eternal communion with the eternal newness of the world which God chooses to create at every instant for our joy . . . . Authentic poetry springs from love as much as from knowledge and that is why it is doubly mysterious . . . . From the point of view of expression the first criterion of perfection in poetry is the perfect correlation between form and content." Yet the final casting aside of form was one of the gestures of Garneau's poetry which induced this critic to speak of it in terms of perfection. Continuing his myth of horizontal and vertical poets Sylvestre, like Duhamel, notes a change of direction indicated by a recent movement upwards rather than outwards. Following his own principles, then, he has passed over versifiers, patriots, and regionalists, salvaging here and there a few lines of Alfred Garneau, Nelligan, Lozeau and hurried on to the living poets: DesRochers, "the greatest of our poets . . . the first Canadian poet to rise from regionalist themes to the level of the universal," and the "vertical" poets: Saint-Denys Garneau, Hertel, and Anne Hébert. To appreciate the distinction of Sylvestre's collection we have only to compare it with the anthology published some years ago by Fournier and Asselin of which Duhamel wrote recently: "There is undoubtedly a good deal of refuse; this anthology makes us realize

in a precise and pitiful way that Canadian poetry has for a long time been content with banalities more or less elegantly robed in lines of dubious workmanship."[17] From a poem of Lozeau's, "A la lune," Sylvestre chooses two lines:

> Et je suis comme un dieu tout impregné de lune
> Participant ainsi qu'un astre à la nuit brune!

because, no doubt, they perfectly express a mystic experience of participating in the being of the world. It would be interesting to collate those passages in Sylvestre's essays[18] which refer to mystic experience. They would reveal the character of his existential philosophy and its relation to Hertel's personalism. In one of his essays he maintains that Raymond Radiguet was not only a "vertical" poet but also a child of genius who wrote a masterpiece, *Le Bal du Comte D'Orgel*. There are signs, especially in the essays on Claudel, that Sylvestre is not satisfied to be a vertical critic only. Not content with probing into a work to extract its significant meaning he also wants to spread himself over the world to take possession of it.

III

Versifiers are people who imagine they achieve greatness when they marshal commonplaces into measured lines like soldiers. For those who like *Paroles de paix* we recommend M. Joseph Delvida Poirier's volume which contains about eighty odes, sonnets, tributes, and hymns inspired by friendship, patriotism, devotion, love, and humble gratitude entitled "Le repas de famille," "Ode à la jeunesse," "Gloire à Laurier," "Ode à Pie XII," "Solitude," etc. Among a collection of versified journalese, *La Vie a ses saisons*, by M. J-Alcide Joyal, we find these lines:

> Leurs yeux sont morts . . . leurs lèvres molles . . .
> J'entends à peine leurs paroles
> Et leurs aveux . . .

without acknowledgments to Verlaine. How dumb the public is supposed to be! In the preface to Madame Alberte Langlais-Campagna's *Petits Poèmes domestiques* we are told that the author-

[17] "Voies de la poésie" (*Relations*, oct., 1942).

[18] "Raymond Radiguet" (*Nouvelle Relève*, jan., 1942); "Le lyricisme de Paul Claudel" (*Carnets Viatoriens*, jan., 1942); "Introduction à Paul Claudel" (*Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, jan., 1943).

ess is a mother, "mais quelle maman!" a mother without children who adopts four and sings of the joy they have together:

> Après tout, quatre enfants
> c'est juste ce qu'il faut
> pour réaliser une vraie famille.

Thirty-six beautiful photographs by Ric accompany this volume. Madame Alberte Lanctot is another singer of fireside felicity. Wife and mother, *Les Joies certaines* are those she feels as she takes a trip around her room in which all the objects, mantle clock, old photographs, are heavily laden with sentiment, for this poet puts a little of her soul into everything her eyes meet or her fingers make. Her philosophy is simple: "Hélas! c'est la vie. Il faut l'accepter." The most certain of her joys appears to be the thought of other days: "c'était si beau d'avoir vingt ans!" the happy days of youth seen through "le prisme des souvenirs." Mlle Juliana Rousseau's *Vers l'Idéal* stamps this poet as a sentimental district leader who intends her versified oratory to inspire her compatriots on their way towards the national ideal:

> Combattons hardiment pour notre survivance . . .
> Soyons des défenseurs de l'Eglise, à tout prix! . . .
> Nous t'acclamons, ô langue! ô trésor de la France! . . .

The thought of the first mass celebrated in Canada has, in the imagination of Mlle Cécile Chabot, taken the shape of a *Légende mystique* during which even the animals of the woods strike their breasts and make their confession:

> Les loups,
> de grands fauves au poil roux,
> se donnent rendez-vous dans la clairière
> et les griffes tournées en dedans répètent: "Agnus Dei".
> Les ours noirs et laineux,
> honteux,
> passent deux à deux,
> la patte sur les yeux.
> Le renard ne biaise pas. Il vient tout droit
> faire sa coulpe et son acte de foi . . . .

In writing these rhymed cadences Miss Chabot has corroborated F. S. Flint's contention that poetry is a quality of all artistic writing, independent of form, that "wherever you feel the warmth of human experience and imagination in any writing, there is poetry."

Roger Brien is the most versatile and prolific of Canadian poets. In 1942 he published no less than five volumes: *Ville-Marie, Chant d'amour, Prière de Marie des Neiges à Notre-Dame de Montréal, Sourires d'enfants, Les Yeux sur nos temps.* He describes himself in a poem, "A Roger Duhamel," the tone of which may be felt in these lines:

> L'aurore, dans mes doigts, rit ses notes de feu . . .
> L'amour du verbe a ciselé des ors magiques . . .
> Où mon rêve verdoie en ardente oraison . . .
> Ma bouche se transforme en un Éden d'extases . . .

He is a romantic and he is a religious man. In the dramatic poem, "*Les Yeux sur nos temps*," a conquering Christ speaks with the poet and with simple humanity. In *Prière de Marie des Neiges* the Indian girl confesses a secret: among the Saints there is one whom she loves fervently because he loved nature, water, sun, and flowers: St. Francis. Brien then is a disciple with an extraordinarily sensitive imagination that becomes intoxicated with its own dream, like Mallarmé's faun. It delights in grandiose visions (*Ville-Marie*) but also in children's games (*Sourires d'enfants*). His tongue glories in noisy grandiloquence but it also sings a beautiful *Chant d'amour* in which life is felt as prayer, hymn, and love transfiguring all things.

But the most interesting phenomenon we have to speak of is a volume of poetry, *Songes en équilibre*, by Anne Hébert. Like Garneau, Miss Hébert was born into a literary tradition, her father being M. Maurice Hébert of Quebec, critic and poet of *Le Canada Français*. Still very young she has appeared like a new star that attracts the eyes of wondering astronomers. There is something cosmic about this phenomenon:

> Ces mains, ces cheveux,
> Cette bouche, ces yeux,
> Mêlés aux étoiles . . . .
>
> À la dérive
> En dehors des temps,
> Avant le siècle,
> Avant les siècles,
> Avant le monde!

Éternité, wrote Rimbaud,

> C'est la mer allée
> Avec le soleil.

And Miss Hébert's *éternité* is another such ocean, the sun gone. Life is a port of call on Eternity's limitless sea; a hand reaches out to a sister hand, eyes to eyes, mouth to mouth, and there is a momentary embrace:

Voici qu'est arrivée
L'heure du rassemblement.

Et c'est un être
Que deviennent
Tous ces membres éparpillés.

It passes and again a hand seeks a warm hand in the primitive vastness:

Oh! ces pauvres mains,
Ces tristes cheveux,
Cette bouche séchée
Et ces yeux cernés!
Tous ces lambeaux incolores,
A la dérive
En dehors des temps,
Après les siècles,
Après le monde,
Inutiles, perdus,
Retournés au chaos,
Après le monde,
Tels qu'avant le monde! . . .

Love then is a promise:

Prédestination d'une main
Pour ta main . . . .

Promesse d'une chevelure
Pour t'enrouler . . . .

Une bouche
Pour ta bouche . . . .

a fragile, ephemeral thing, touch-and-go. The dance of life is saddened by

cette impression
De porter en équilibre
Une beauté éphémère, trop lourde,
Qui vient d'ailleurs . . . .

and she prays to be delivered from a chilly lunar world, the sun gone:

Délivrez mon âme
Des paysages lunaires
Que le soleil n'atteint plus!

And this transient moment of happiness is the dream that was our childhood. We wake up and see ourselves in a mirror and the consciousness of our identity chills us. Pitiable children forever outside the world, our Paradise taken away from us, we look upon a "jardin glacé," "chacun sa solitude," each in the eery loneliness of his identity, a bubble, a contingency, on an endless ocean, saddened by the memory of an embrace, a warm handclasp, having lost the key of our childhood, "cherchez-là au fond de la mer," our childish joys sunk to the bottom of a deep river, and we cry

> Ah! qui me rendra
> Mes deux mains unies?

We have only to read "Oh! mes joies enfantines," "Fantasmagories," "Espace," and "Marine," to realize that we have a relative of Rimbaud's in our midst. But these French-Canadian illuminations have a sequel. The vision of a hand seeking to clasp another in a vast lunar ocean of chance integrations and perpetual disintegrations is an agony of frigid loneliness which the poet can bear only by superposing another vision and offering herself to a crucified God.

IV

Some of the 1942 drama might be called poetic, but we had better classify it according to the themes it treats. Mlle Reine Malouin's *Au Temps jadis* is historical drama. This volume contains three one-act plays. "La folle entreprise," in classical form, pictures Montreal in the time of Maisonneuve when the city's existence depended on the practical and spiritual aid of Jeanne Mance. The historical details of "L'Holocauste," a drama of New France under Bigot, are taken from Kirby's *Le Chien d'or;* those of "Un pari" from Philippe A. de Gaspé's *Mémoires*. The chief character is Marguerite de Lanaudière who, in her old age, spoke a memorable word: "Our hearts are with France, our arms with England." *L'Homme que j'ai aimé*, a play in three acts by M. Ernest Pallascio-Morin, is a spy drama with the usual *dénouement*. There is little suspense, because the plot is obvious. The first scenes, where preparations are being made for an evening party, are the most entertaining of this play which otherwise lacks dramatic interest. Father Robert Piuze's *L'Épreuve* is a scout play in three acts. Mlle Monique Chantal's *Ville-Marie*, a piece

in six tableaux, was written for the tercentenary. *France, tu renaîtras* is an allegory in one act by the same author. Father Laurent Tremblay's *Mon Fleuve et ma cité* commemorates the centenary of Chicoutimi where it was played during the month of August. Among the tracts of the Missionary League of Students are *La Croix du Mont-Royal* by Father Maurice Côté, *Symphonie crépusculaire* by Father J. P. Gingras, and *Les Fiançailles d'Anne de Nouë* by Mlle Rina Lasnier. This is a play in four acts based on the account of the priest's death given in the Jesuit Relations. Miss Lasnier is the poet of *Images et proses* and *Jeu de la voyagère*, and what distinguishes this play from others of its kind is the delicacy of the poet's fancy; the dances of the spirits and the mushrooms, the lyrical voices of forest, water, and snow lighten a theme which in its essence is tragic. The most imposing drama, by sheer bulk, is Father Gustave Lamarche's *Notre-Dame des Neiges*. It constitutes a volume of 232 pages and the spectacle was to have assembled 1,800 participants. It is an immense "parable" in thirteen tableaux to the glory of the Virgin and her "sublime children," Oblates and Grey Sisters, and is intended to embody the spiritual epic of Canada, "the greatest in history." The action consists in replacing Tôrnârsuk, the supreme demon reigning on a totem at the north pole, with Our Lady in person, who will rule over the empire of snow. It is a tremendous conception. As a pageant it has many attractive features but long speeches strain our interest and innumerable characters muffle our reception. There are magnificent dramatic moments and interludes of pure buffoonery which occasion abrupt changes of feeling in the reader. As it is printed, the stage directions are too elaborate. But to see it staged might reveal beauties that are missed in reading the play. Father Lamarche is the leading spirit in French-Canadian religious drama. His work belongs to the same order as that of Claudel, René des Granges, Henri Ghéon, and René Schwob. The Canadian author is an innovator in his use of an orchestra of human voices and also in his lack of moderation and contempt of form. Racine is a good diet for one who loves to gorge himself on the spectacular. When we reflect on what Ghéon and Claudel owe to Spanish drama, which drew so freely on the epic literature of the Middle Ages, we wonder also if much good could not be gained from a renewed study of the great dramatists of Spain, especially Calderón.

V

Several of the 1942 novels present the thesis of rehabilitation in contact with nature; but there are others. M. Jean Bulair's *Rencontres* is the story of a Norwegian sailor whose boat collides with a liner in the St. Lawrence. Many people were drowned but Olaf was picked up on the shore by a habitant named Mauthier who sheltered him in his home. Mauthier was fond of liquor. One winter night he fell in the snow at the door of his stable and froze to death. Olaf married the widow. But the call of the sea was too much for him. One fine day he left and she finished her existence in an asylum. Yet despite the fact that his hero is a foreigner, Bulair succeeds in painting the Canadian habitant scene, especially Olaf's wedding, in a vivid language strongly savouring of the Canadian soil. Mlle Adrienne Maillet's *Trop tard* is a romance in the form of a diary and well named. It is elegant writing and foul psychology. After refusing to marry Claude, a young doctor, because she does not want children, the sentimental Suzanne Nevers goes to France. When a rich and brilliant Frenchman takes her too seriously and she finds herself in an embarrassing situation she extricates herself by saying that she is Canadian and will marry none but a compatriot. She submits to an operation and from then on stupidity becomes her rule. After returning to Quebec she waits till Claude declares he still loves her before she informs him that the operation rendered her unfit for motherhood. We know her destined end, although it comes quite late, too late. Suddenly her nature changes. After breaking men's hearts and with her own in shreds she enters a convent where we have a last glimpse of her as a religious looking after the children of other women. We are told they were devoted to her. That is what she needed: devotion. We refuse to believe that there is any mysticism in Suzanne; we are sickened by the spectacle of this heartless and selfish woman claiming to be "perfectly happy to belong to Him whom I adore." *La Chesnaie*, by Rex Desmarchais, is a French-Canadian answer to those who say it can't happen here. The chief character, Larocque, is "the future dictator of the French-Canadian people," tall, square-shouldered, a lock of black hair across his forehead. He puts national ideal before love. Like the Spanish political mystics of today he worships the dead. Alain Després represents another aspect of the French-Canadian soul, the writer and artist. He is won over by the dictator who instals himself in

his country mansion, La Chesnaie, but eventually he turns a revolver on him. Larocque's coffin was covered with a green flag bearing a scarlet maple leaf—the standard of a free nation. But we are given to understand that although Larocque dies, the Idea lives on. "In Larocque's defeat, as in that of the 1837 patriots, lie the germs of victory." This work is impregnated with dangerous ideology and *ressentiment*. Adolphe Nantel's *La Terre du huitième* is a simple story of love and colonization. Jean Berlouin, to forget his misadventures in the city, migrates to the northern fringe of civilization. He finds a job with a lumber company, comes to know a happy family of colonists, and marries Régine Groleau, a winsome girl of ardent vitality, and settles on his own land. According to pattern the story gives us a picture of the hard but invigorating life of the North through all the seasons. The most vivid and humorous of the scenes described are the wedding celebrations and the felling of the trees to the rhythm of woodsmen's songs: "C'était une vache aux grands yeux bleus . . . . Si tu revois ma bonne mère . . . . Filez, filez, ô mon navire . . . ." Léo-Paul Desrosiers' novel *Les Opiniâtres* was a "point of departure"; *Sources* is a "point of arrival." But the sources of happiness are identical in the two books: we end where we began, facing nature. The tone of the present work, however, is different. The story is nothing: Nicole, daughter of a Montreal doctor, falls in love with Julien who studies at Oka, takes over a farm in the Laurentians, and awakens in her a latent love of nature and a consciousness of the "perennial sources of happiness." *Sources* is not a novel in the ordinary sense. There is little struggle, even in Nicole. It is rather a symphony in which a mystic delight in nature is the chief experience. Never before in French-Canadian fiction has the sensual delight in nature been sung so exquisitely and with such continuity and variety. This mysticism lifts the work into the domain of universal literature. Every chapter is a song of joy. In reality it is the song of the author's joy. These characters are not completely detached and distinct from each other because they partake of their author's nature. It is Desrosiers, not Julien, not Nicole, certainly not the farm girl Colette, who lives in the knowledge of Reymont, Tolstoy, and Pascal. It is Desrosiers who hears Beethoven's symphonies, who sees Gagnon's pictures and Samain's "jardin de l'Infante" when he looks out of the window at the snow or rain. The distinguishing feature of Desrosiers' "mystique de la ferme" is the

modern rapture of "correspondances" and "transpositions d'art" which a sensitive intellectual experiences as he looks at nature. But his "new order" is none the less replete with an ancient and Franciscan wisdom: "You let Julien embrace you; you hear him say: 'Your cheeks and your teeth are as cold as apples forgotten in the orchard'; you strike with an axe, you see the deep-coloured, fine grained wood, that marvellous matter that has a perfume of its own and you say: 'My very dear brother, the wood'; you bury your feet into the vegetable mould and you think: 'My very dear sister, the earth'."

M. Damase Potvin, the indefatigable historian of the Saguenay region, makes free use of popular speech in the four stories of *Un Ancien contait*. The best of them is perhaps "Le vieux cheval." Its master led it away one day with the idea of destroying it, but he caressed it instead and murmured: "Entens-tu? on voudrait encore que j'te tue, pauv'vieille bête!" "Paysannerie" is also the keynote of Mlle Germaine Guèvremont's stories in *En pleine Terre*, dedicated to the heroic families which took root in Sorel three centuries ago. M. Pierre Daviault, author of works on translation from English to French and actually professor of translation in the University of Ottawa, undertook a very different kind of exercise in his latest book, *Artistes, aventuriers, grands hommes*. These chapters have been suggested by the books he has been reading, in particular M. de la Roncière's *Histoire de la marine française*, and are made up of reflexions and anecdotes which truly reveal the author's ancestry. "Let us leave the large stream of history," he says. "In history I look for anecdotes, but anecdotes which constitute human documents." He has learned more about his people from Barbeau and Gérin than from larger and celebrated historical works. One of his most interesting anecdotes is entitled "L'énigme du maréchal Ney." M. Robert de Roquebrune's *Contes du soir et de la nuit* are pure story-telling as we know it in Mérimée, Daudet, and the rest. Most of these stories concern Canadian personages or events, yet they serve no racial or religious myth. Intellectuals who go to the Rebellion of 1837 to replenish the fires of racial resentment would do well to read "La nuit de Noël du capitaine Allan." There is a smack of humour if little else in *Propos d'un rôdeur*. The reporter who recounts them, M. Francis DesRoches (Frandero), sports with a new literary form:

FABLE-EXPRESS

Pris d'une subite folie,
Hess a failli perdre la vie
En gagnant l'Écosse par air,
Au mépris des ordres d'Hitler . . .
Moralité
Quelle Hess-capade!

Two books inspired by the movement known as The Young Naturalists are M. Jules Larivière's *Les Contes de la nature*, which speaks out against the vandals who despoil the beauty of the forests and lakes, and *Aux Aguets*, a naturalist's manual by M. Gédéon Boucher worthy of a place beside Claude Mélançon's *Nos Animaux chez eux*. Stories for children and young people are numerous. Mlle Marie-Claire Daveluy's *Michel et Josephte* and *Le Mariage de Josephte Précourt* are historical romances dealing with the 1837 rebellion and its aftermath. Mlle Marie-Antoinette Grégoire-Coupal's *Franceline* is a delicately written study of an adolescent girl. M. Eugène Achard adds eight volumes to his long list of children's stories. Mlle Jeanne Daigle's *Les Contes de Maska* are stories of animals and birds addressed to children in the region of Saint-Hyacinthe. Mlle Jeanne L'Archevêque Duguay's *Cinq petits Enfants* are readings for small children. We shall close this account of 1942 fiction with a mention of M. Georges Panneton's translation of McDowell's *The Champlain Road*, a story of the Jesuit martyrs.

VI

The outstanding historical work of 1942 was done by M. Robert Rumilly who adds three more volumes to the six he has already published of his *Histoire de la province de Québec*. *Taillon*, *Laurier*, *Marchand* cover the period 1892-1900, dominated largely by Laurier, during which it was a question of the Manitoba schools, the Boer War, the development of hydro-electric power and the pulp industry. M. Gérard Filteau has published the third volume of his *Histoire des patriotes*. M. Joseph Bégin's *L'Abîme de l'assimilation* is a "pep" talk by a newspaper editor, the prime mover in a new group, "Les Avant-Coureurs," recently organized to work for "the social, economic, and political resurrection of their compatriots." M. Camille Bertrand, of the National Archives, has published the second volume of his *Histoire de Montréal*. This year historians vied with poets in celebrating the three-hundredth

anniversary of the founding of Montreal. The whole of number seven of *Les Cahiers des Dix* is devoted to the city's history. Sister Mondoux, Sister of Charity of St. Joseph, has written a well-documented history of *L'Hôtel-Dieu, Premier Hôpital de Montréal* (1642-1942). The vast biography—794 pages—of *Marguerite Bourgeoys*, the work of Dom Albert Jamet of the Abbey of Solesmes, can also be added to this list. Other studies include M. Jean Bruchési's *De Ville-Marie à Montréal;* Father Pouliot's *La Réaction catholique de Montréal;* the Abbé Georges Thuot's *Aux Origines de Montréal. Les Origines de Montréal, Ville-Marie, 1642-1665* is the work of M. Léon Marchal, French consul in Montreal till 1934. There are also Dr Victor Morin's article, "Aux sources de l'histoire de Montréal"[19] and his brochure *Le Vieux Montréal* and M. Gustave Lanctot's *Montréal au temps de la Nouvelle-France, 1642-1760.* M. Léo-Paul Desrosiers, besides contributing to *Les Cahiers des Dix*, wrote an article on "Champlain et Montréal"for *Le Canada Français*. Even the students in the schools and colleges participated in the celebrations. They were invited to write on a theme inspired by the history of the city. The best of their contributions were collected in a volume entitled *Fidélité à Ville-Marie.* Another city to be fêted was Ottawa. *Ottawa, capitale du Canada* is a long history of the capital by its honorary historian, Dr Lucien Brault. M. Pierre-Georges Roy celebrates the energy and courage of the boatmen of his native city, Lévis, in *La Traverse entre Québec et Lévis*. The work is a thorough inquiry into the business of conveying passengers across the river in dug-outs a century or more ago. Of a slightly different order are Father E. A. Langlais' *Les Dominicains ou Frères-Prêcheurs* and Father Georges Simard's *Les États chrétiens et l'Église*. The former, besides instructing the youth of the colleges on the formation and aims of the Dominicans, tells the story of the development of the Order in Canada. The latter is a study of the relations between Church and State from Roman times up to the twentieth century, almost half of it being devoted to those existing in Britain, America, and Canada.

There is only one volume, aside from Dom Albert Jamet's work, important enough to rank as biography. It is Father Henri Morisseau's book on *Le Père Arthur Guertin, 1868-1932*, Oblate missionary and professor, a "dynamic temperament" zealous in the cause of French-Canadian survival. Father Paul-Henri Barabé

[19] *Mémoires de la Société Royale du Canada*, 83-94.

continues his talks on "figures de notre histoire" in *Autour de Mgr Bourget.* The Abbé Albert Tessier's volume, *Pèlerinages dans le passé,* is also a collection of radio talks on historical figures from Cartier to Mgr Provencher.

VII

We shall conclude with brief mentions of miscellaneous publications of varying merit. *Formation pratique au chant grégorien,* by a Sister of the High School of Music of Holy Names College, Outremont, is a very useful text-book drawn up in accordance with pontifical directions concerning the teaching of sacred music and destined for teachers of the Gregorian Chant. After the Gregorian Chant, the most perfect form of sacred music is the classical polyphony which Father Jules Martel studies in his article, "La polyphonie classique."[20] This form of contrapuntal composition was brought to perfection by Palestrina and a perfect model is the "Gaudent, in cœlis" by Tomas Luis da Vittoria reproduced by the author, who is director of the School of Music and Elocution of the University of Ottawa. Father Philippe Deschamps' excellent manual of literary composition, *La Composition française, comment raconter,* contains illustrations and analyses which make it a text-book that could be used advantageously by instructors in Ontario schools. *R.S.V.P.* is a collection of answers given by M. Adrien Robitaille over the radio. One becomes curiously aware of the swiftness of events on reading: "Ethiopia presents the curious fate of an independent state which has fallen to the rank of a colony." The Société des Écrivains canadiens has published a handy bibliographical bulletin of French-Canadian authors covering the years 1937-41. This compilation is the work of the poetess Mlle Rina Lasnier, who is a graduate of the School of Librarians of Montreal University. M. de la Bruère Fortier's *Votre Testament et votre succession* is a collection of newspaper articles intended to enlighten the public on the matter of making a will and calculating succession duties. *La Vente au comptoir,* by M. Louis Alexandre Belisle, is a manual of salesmanship. The monthly booklets published by the École Sociale Populaire of Montreal and the École des Sciences Sociales, Politiques et Économiques of Laval contain informative discourses by priests, professors, and journalists on subjects of current interest.

[20] *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa,* nov.-déc., 428-57.

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V. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS

WATSON KIRKCONNELL

To limit the 1942 survey to books—as requested—is to reduce the New Canadian field from a prairie to a kitchen-garden; for the pressure of the war on the smaller linguistic communities is restricting their literary publication more and more exclusively to the foreign language press. In this press, one may note, in passing, the striking contrast between twelve Communistic papers, most of them less than three years old, run almost without advertising and flooded with high-grade war-time material exclusively written and supplied gratis by the Pan-Slav and Comintern offices in Moscow, and sixty non-Communist papers, run on advertising revenue and written by local talent.

New Canadian poetry has only one volume to show this year: *I Saw Swans*, by Jakobina Johnson, a sort of "Child's Garden of Verses" in Icelandic, with notable black-and-white illustrations by the Icelandic artist, Tryggvi Magnusson. There are twenty poems in the collection. Lurking in several of them and their accompanying illustrations, is "Shadow-Lad" (*Skuggasvein*), the dark and depredacious family cat, who has one poem all to himself as follows:[1]

[1]All translations in this article are by Watson Kirkconnell.

Old Shadow-Lad is a wicked cat,—
  For mercy he has but scorn.
His back is brindled and yellowy-dark,
  And both of his ears are torn.
For him to roam in the garden free
  Is a cause for the birds to mourn.

He seems to be friendly and kind enough,
  But his conscience is dark and grim—
As livid as twilight, when anxious fear
  Is loud in the red-breast's hymn,
When the sunset is hid in a deepening haze
  And the strait and the hill are dim.

Other poems, frankly written for children, deal with the sad fate of Grandma's canary and goldfish, with dolls and toy boats and chickens and wild flowers and sparrows and empty houses. The title-poem, apparently composed during a visit to Iceland, expresses a wistful yearning after the realization of childhood dreams:

"Swans I saw a-flying"—
  Broad, white pinions plying,
Gliding high above a moorland lake.
  Still I stood, enchanted;
  Here the thing I wanted
Might come true, the wish my hopes bespake.

I, from youth, a-dreaming,
  Loved their white wings' gleaming,
Yearned to hear the swans break forth in song.
  But, my wish denying,
  Mute was still their flying:
Many a hope must linger all life long.

If, in heart's pure roaming,
  Home I come at gloaming,
Yearning yet for songs upon the air,—
  Swans of high, gaunt, poor land,
  Court-skalds of the moorland,
Grant, I beg you humbly, then my prayer!

The only drama of the year is a four-act Ukrainian "fantasy" by Simeon Kowbel, entitled *Youthful Dreams*. The setting is in the "Enchanted Mountains," and the plot centres in the love of Aleck, a young geology student, and Black Vulture, a young Indian, for Ira, an Indian girl. Among the other *dramatis personae* are four young prospectors, an old squaw, a young American girl, and an old Indian chief. Judging by the author's dedication, he intends in a symbolic way to urge fidelity to native ideals and traditions of

culture, in keeping with the plans of the "Great Manitou." Certain scenes (e.g., IV, 1, 2) are wholly in pantomime.

Canadian Cossacks, by William Paluk, of Winnipeg, is a collection of essays, articles and short stories, dealing with the life of the Ukrainians in Canada. The three stories are first rate. There is capital humour in "Ivan Goes to Winnipeg," where the ardent rural member of one of the political factions finds himself, by an accident of circumstances, introduced as a friend at the banquet of a rival faction in Winnipeg. He is called on for a speech and is defiantly belligerent, but every hostile phrase is misunderstood by his delighted audience as being applicable to the group to which the exasperated speaker belongs. The more he storms, the louder is their applause. In "The Bell," old Stepan Andrusiw seeks to deaden a personal grief by presenting the parish church with a bell, and finds content beyond his expectation. "The House on the Hill" is a simple tale of a country girl who dreams of going to the city at the invitation of a sophisticated urban visitor but whose heart surrenders to her pioneer lover when his new log cabin burns down. In all of these stories, the atmosphere is authentically Ukrainian and Canadian.

Political writing is represented by *The Struggle of Freemen*, by Anthony Hlynka, the federal member for Vegreville, Alberta. It is a pamphlet reprint of a speech delivered in the House of Commons, Ottawa, and outlines the case for an independent Ukrainian state in Europe.

Dr M. I. Mandryka, of Winnipeg, gives us an instalment of his world travels in *Through Sea and Ocean*, covering his voyage from the little port of Yeisk, on the Sea of Azov, to Yokahama, in Japan. It is in the same tradition as Dr G. G. Skehar's *Po Amerytsi* ("Across America").

Two important works of reference deal with the Greeks and the Ukrainians respectively. George D. Vlassis has given, in *The Greeks in Canada*, an exhaustive survey of the whole Greek population across Canada, including a brief history of their settlement in each town or city, a record of all their business firms, a roster of their professional, artistic and academic activities, a list of their churches, clubs, and other organizations, and a list of the names and addresses of all Canadian Greeks in the Dominion, arranged alphabetically for each town and city in each province. Not the least interesting feature of the book is its story of such eminent Greek-

Canadians as the Balaches of Brantford, George Kapiotis of Victoria, and Dr Petros Constas Constantinides of Toronto. Another important reference work is Alexander Luhowy's *Famous Women of the Ukraine*, a chronological Who's Who of celebrated Ukrainian women, covering a period of about one thousand years. Approximately two hundred biographies are given, ranging in length from three lines to six pages. It is not uninteresting to find, among the prominent Ukrainian writers in Eastern Europe, a Valeria O'Connor Vilinska, a representative of a considerable Irish intermixture among the people of the Ukraine.

Still other writings of the year are two tracts for the times by the Rev. Jacob H. Janzen (*The Sex Problem* and *Life and Death*), dealing with social evils and the importance of ideals of purity, and a bilingual prayer-book, Ukrainian and English, edited by the Rev. A. Luhovy for the Greek Catholic Church in Western Canada.

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VI. REMAINING MATERIAL — THE EDITORS AND OTHERS

As in other years this essay is divided into four sections. (i) The first section reviews books in the field of Canadian History; books which fall within the categories of Narrative and Descriptive Writing about the Canadian scene; and some which find their chief interest in Education or Religion. (ii) The second section is concerned with Scholarship, mainly in the Humanities, and includes notes by several different contributors. (iii) The third section gives an account of books in the Social Sciences and in the field of International Relations. (iv) The final section is devoted to books dealing either directly or indirectly with the war.

I

The most important historical work to appear during the year is the first volume of Morden H. Long's *A History of the Canadian People*. The first volume deals with New France; the projected work, when completed, will be a full-dress history of Canada. Professor Long is careful to explain in his foreword that his history makes no pretensions in the primary field of research: "it is an essay in the secondary field of interpretation only, an attempt to tell the story of the Canadian people in the light of our present knowledge." While this work must be, in part, a retelling of events and of historical processes and relationships often narrated before now in the pages of the classics of Canadian history from Parkman to George M. Wrong, the author is justified in his belief that every age is entitled to its own reinterpretation of the facts of history: "if history is to mean anything to the generality of men there must be periodical attempts at synthesis and interpretation, and it is as such that this work is offered." In the fifteen years since the publication of Professor Wrong's *The Rise and Fall of New France*, for instance, the turmoil of "global" war has caused historians to place a new emphasis on geographic interpretations of history and we have even had a new word for an old idea, "geopolitics," forced upon the forefront of our attention. It is, therefore, a sign of the times that Professor Long should begin his volume with a chapter on the physical background of our history in which he discusses the importance of geography both in Canada's internal development and in the drama of her development into a nation with a role to play on the world stage:

> Her position is central with respect to the great populated areas of the globe and to the markets which they afford. To the southward lies the United States, whose 130,000,000 people have the largest per capita purchasing power among the nations. To the eastward across the Pacific are the vast populations of the Orient. Between Europe and many parts of the Far East the shortest route lies across Canada, and Stefansson has shown that many of the shortest airways of the future between the larger centres in North America, on the one hand, and Europe and the Far East on the other, lie through Canada and across the Arctic wastes. Her strategic world position in part explains the fact that Canada, despite her small population, stands sixth among the trading nations of the world. This geographical advantage is one which is apt to become greater as the world's economic development proceeds.
>
> Of equal or perhaps greater importance is the geographical fact that Canada is part of the New World, and more particularly of the North American conti-

nent . . . . Though other factors than that of geography enter in, it is of some significance that Canada, which is nearest to Europe, is the only large part of the New World which has retained a political connection with the Old, and even in her case autonomy is practically complete.

This is but one example of the author's interpretation of the "global" significance of Canadian history; he is at pains to explore other aspects of that significance as well. To quote once more: "The story of the Canadian people obviously has for Canadians its own intrinsic interest and value. But it is not lacking also in world relationships and significance." *The History of the Canadian People* is competently and interestingly written though the special purpose of the book—the emphasis on the world political, historical, geographical and economic relationships—does not lend itself to the vivid immediacy of the narrative of Parkman and of Professor Wrong at his best. The choice of maps and illustrations is apt and illuminating. The selected bibliography is excellent, though one's debt to the author would have been still greater had he given some bibliographical indications of the great vistas for further research which, as he tells us in the Foreword, are opening up before the student of Canadian history.

George W. Brown's, *Building the Canadian Nation*, befitting its aim as a history for use in schools, is more compendious. The author, however, reveals a similar awareness of the need of relating the march of history to the realities of the present. His principal aim, as the title indicates, is to tell the story of the emergence of Canadian nationhood, and he has performed the task well. Here again the maps and illustrations are aptly selected; the author is particularly to be congratulated on his pedagogical shrewdness in bringing philately to the aid of history.

Stephen Leacock, whose vigorous and prolific pen has given us no less than four books this year, has contributed a special history of Canada, entitled *Canada: The Foundations of its Future*. The volume is sumptuously produced on special paper with a special binding, is beautifully illustrated by numerous paintings (some of them reproduced in colour) specially executed for this work by well-known Canadian artists, is specially published under the auspices of a commercial firm, and is available to the general public only in special libraries. The author's text does not pretend to be a detailed general history, nor is it a definitive treatment of any particular aspect of history. In the main it is a retelling of an often-

told story. In Mr Leacock's case the retelling is more than justified by the vividly personal quality of the author's style. Abounding in quips and unexpected sallies, verging often on the colloquial, his style never loses dignity, is never less than interesting, and at its best has the power of recreating the form and pressure of the time. The author is certainly not deficient in scholarship, but his approach to history is that of the artist rather than the researcher.

Two books in English have done honour to the tercentenary of the founding of Ville Marie de Montréal. Without a formal bibliography, but with due acknowledgements to early French writers and to Kalm, Parkman, and Atherton, as well as to personal friends who have put material at his disposal, and with the inclusion of not a little original material gathered by himself, Stephen Leacock has told the story of *Montreal, Seaport and City*. As was to be expected, this book is not dull reading. Though scholarship and calculated design were not laid aside, informality nevertheless presided over its composition; a fact for which the admirers of the author (a band which includes a large proportion of literate Canadians) will be grateful, though it may cause a passing twinge of uneasiness in the sort of historian who believes that the facts of history should be preserved in embalming fluid. Though the many threads of the story of Montreal—a story both local and national in its implications—are skilfully interwoven into a pattern from which the significance in history of Canada's greatest city clearly emerges, there is nevertheless something of the incalculable in Mr Leacock's design: now he will discuss with the appropriate solemnity of a doctoral thesis the size and nature of the stockade of Hochelaga, now with puckish waywardness—a Puck in a don's gown—but never tactlessly, he will defend sagaciously and humourously the quality of French spoken in Montreal. We read that—

> the speech of educated French Canadians in Montreal, is just as much French, just as much and just as little, as the speech of the English people [the author upholds the use of the term "les anglais" to describe English speaking Canadians of British descent] is English. We are speaking here, of course, not of Frenchmen who have come out from France, or English people just out from England, but of people born and raised in this country or brought to it in such early childhood as fully to take on its accent. On these terms English Canadians, however well educated, going over to England are never mistaken for English, nor are Irish from Dublin, nor Australians from under the Equator. Which speech is best and which worst, and which worse still, there is no need to discuss. Certainly the

English of darkest Ontario sinks low; "current" is pronounced "curnt," and an orange becomes an "ornge." On the other hand, there are circles in England where a railway becomes a "wailway," from which the 4.04 train leaves at "faw faw."

Montreal, the Story of Three Hundred Years by John Irwin Cooper is likewise a readable and informative book. The author's principle, as he tells us, has been to retell the city's story "in a series of word pictures rather on the principle of the peep-box show of happy memory." This book, too, has its own sort of literary charm. Both books belong on a shelf alongside Professor Flenley's edition of Dollier de Casson, and the best of the many modern books about Montreal. *Tadoussac Then and Now* by William Hugh Coverdale is a thin, but beautifully printed volume of twenty-four pages, which captures something of the romance and relates some of the history of that early trading post. The reproduction of three maps relevant to Tadoussac's history before 1800 and of William Armstrong's water colour drawing of Indians loading canoes at a portage, taken with a text which contains much of interest will make this a sought-for item of Canadiana. A valuable publication for historians is the *Boishebert Memorial* ("Memorial On Behalf Of The Sieur De Boishebert, Captain, Chevalier De Saint-Louis, Former Commandant in Acadie"). In this brochure, issued by the New Brunswick Museum, Dr J. C. Webster has edited, with the inclusion of the original notes, the "statement of M. Clos, attorney, in defence of M. de Boishebert at his trial in Paris in 1763 for alleged misdemeanors during his military career in Acadia." Miss Louise Manny is the translator of the document.

This year Nova Scotia contends with Quebec with respect to the number of books—no less than three—devoted to the romance, past and present, of a region of Canada. After reviewing for several years the annual crop of books on the romance of Canada's eld one is tempted to remark in a spirit of good natured banter that while it is a rare year that does not bring forth a book on the Romance of Old Quebec, or of the Old Maritimes or even Old Hudson Bay, it seems to be tacitly conceded that the West is not old enough to have a quaintly romantic past, and that the romance of old Ontario, besides being commercially unprofitable, is not the sort of romance one puts in capital letters. This reviewer yields to none in susceptibility to the aristocratic glamour of the older regions of Canada, but he is sometimes haunted with the suspicion

that a delving into the romantic past of Ontario—and Ontario's past is not unromantic—would be regarded as akin to the effort of that stock character, the self-made man, to discover an ancestor with a coat of arms. The St. Lawrence is a mighty and glamorous river which, taking its source in Ontario, gathers history and merchandise in Quebec and debouches with both into the waters of the globe. But what of the Niagara? What of the Fraser, the Yukon, or the Mackenzie? Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus—? . . . Banishing frivolity, it is pleasant to record this year a harvest of readable books about Nova Scotia. *Tales Told under the Old Town Clock* by William C. Borrett is a book of broadcasts from Halifax whose purpose is to revive memories of bygone days and events in Nova Scotia. It is packed with allusions to the tall ships and steamers that have sailed from Halifax during peace and during war from the days of frigates to the days of corvettes (it is interesting to reflect that the word "frigate" came back into naval nomenclature only the other day). *Cape Breton Over* by Clara Dennis tells the story of the eastern part of Nova Scotia and describes the present scene with the vivacity which her earlier books about Nova Scotia have led us to expect. In *Bluenose*, Dorothy Duncan, whose *Here's to Canada*, reviewed in last year's QUARTERLY, presented a kind of character sketch of each of the Canadian provinces, now draws a portrait of Nova Scotia. She is more interested in the present than the past. An American by birth, though a Canadian by marriage and residence, the author views Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians with very friendly eyes, but with eyes that are not a Canadian's and she is capable of a shrewd thrust now and then at traditional prides and prejudices. Whether one agrees with her or not she is always stimulating. After reading *Oliver Wiswell*, a handsome tribute by an American novelist to Tories and Loyalists, it need not distress Canadians to hear what Dorothy Duncan has to say about United Empire Loyalists who came to the Maritimes. (*Pace* Nova Scotians! Last year we quoted some home truths of hers about the "Ontario mind"). To quote:

> Most of us have come to know more than we used to about the Tories and Loyalists and their activities in the thirteen colonies during the Revolution. We know that New York held out as a refuge for wealthy aristocrats who wanted none of the rebels and revolutionaries. And doubtless these people were all convinced—as they went on with their balls and soirées and flirtations—that the rabble would be put down sooner or later. The end of the war must have come

> as a shock to them, and even more so the command which ordered them to get out of the country and leave their belongings behind them. In those days one could say simply "get out" and know there were plenty of places such proud beauties could go . . . .
>
> Besides these Tories who sailed from New York there were also disbanded soldiers and many black servants and slaves, but the bulk of the contingents were supercilious and self-righteous aristocrats who looked down upon the pre-Loyalists they found already well established in Nova Scotia. To do their predecessors justice, the pre-Loyalists also looked down upon the newcomers from the vantage of years of hard work.

This is impressionistic history with a vengeance. (Did the author make a census of "proud beauties"?) It is certainly not altogether fair to the Loyalists—but then it all happened a long time ago, like the burning of the capital of Upper Canada by the Americans and the subsequent destruction of Washington by the British. Little now remains of what Owen Wister once called "the ancient grudge."

Two first-rate books about the regions north of parallel sixty in North America richly deserve a more extended review than we have space for here. *Canada Moves North* by Richard Finnie is an informative and well-written account of the Canadian Northwest Territories. The author, who was born in Dawson and who has wintered in the Arctic and travelled over much of the Territories in the course of eight expeditions since 1924, writes from first-hand knowledge on such topics as geography, the fur trade, missions, administration, transportation and communication, the customs and character of the Eskimos, and the economic and agricultural possibilities of the North. Apropos of the last he has an interesting chapter on the development of metals and oil and he tells of the growth of Yellowknife, during the five years before the war, from primaeval wilderness to a town with a thirty-two-room hotel, stores, restaurants, a poolroom, a bank, a broker's office, a real estate firm, a theatre, a "Nu Style Dresse Shoppe," and a local constabulary of two policemen but no jail. The book contains, as well, a fascinating chapter on the history of northern exploration in the course of which the author supports Stefansson in the belief that the greatest contribution to arctic exploration (if we except the aeroplane) was the demonstration, by such men as Dr Rae, of the revolutionary technique of living off the land as the Eskimos did, "even where there was no land—out on the floating polar ice." According to Mr Finnie, though in the years 1846-54 Rae and his companions

throve by living, hunting and to a certain extent eating Eskimo fashion, it nevertheless took many decades before this "technique" was widely practised by white explorers—indeed it is not generally practised even today. The author quotes Stefansson with approval: "Dr Rae was already in rather bad standing, for having behaved on his expeditions like a menial (having done his own work) and for having lived like a savage (in snow-houses and so forth). This behaviour did not seem cricket to the British public .... The object of polar explorations is to explore properly and not to evade the hazards of the game through the vulgar subterfuge of going native." The author, himself, has a scathing word to add about the Franklin expedition.

> Some of these pitiful stragglers were seen by Eskimos, who could have saved them and restored them to health and probably would have if the men had sought their aid. But the early English explorers in general did not have much to do with the Eskimos. There were exceptions, but most of them seem to have regarded Eskimos as hardly human curiosities, rather than invaluable guides and mentors; so they gallantly suffered in the best English tradition, wearing their naval uniforms and carrying swords, and finally eating one another, perhaps on silver plate.

The author has decided opinions on many controversial matters connected with the Canadian North. These opinions he does not always state with the gentleness of the dove, in fact there is a good deal of hard hitting in this book. If, as the author thinks, Canadians have been indifferent to controversies affecting the future of what, we are now coming to realize, is a vital part of the Dominion, then no excuse is necessary for stating the substance of some of his criticisms. (Lacking special knowledge of the subject, I shall attempt neither to confirm nor to confute them.) In the first place Mr Finnie believes that certain school geographies do a disservice to the future development of the North by exaggerating its barrenness and the rigours of its climate and by adopting a defeatist attitude toward its potentialities. He quotes from an official school geography and asserts that the picture drawn in it of the North-west Territories "is at least fifty per cent wrong and about ninety per cent misleading," and he contrasts it with the optimistic report on the agricultural possibilities of the Mackenzie district compiled by the Canadian Senate as early as 1887-8. According to the author neither this report nor the data on actual achievements in the North have been fairly represented in school text-books. The author's appraisal of the economic possibilities of the North do not give the

reader an impression of undue exaggeration, and, as he rightly remarks, "ultimately the size of the population will be commensurate with the possibilities for economic development." He thinks that the school text-books would purge the young reader of any ambition he may have had to go North. The author is on the whole antagonistic to missions and missionaries though he does justice to individual priests and clergymen. He objects particularly to what he regards as a defect of the "missionary mind," the tendency to make sweeping generalizations about the Eskimo's natural culture and to regard them in their natural state of life as "degraded pagans." Making certain qualifications (see p. 38 f.) he asserts that "both the Northern Indians and the Eskimos had religious beliefs and ethics which suited their primitive requirements very well."

> Palpable weaknesses in the school and hospital systems in the Territories are: (1) Enmity and competition between the two denominations: a savage game in which the natives are bewildered pawns . . . . (2) Eskimo and Indian children, many of them gathered up on missionary excursions along the Mackenzie or eastward along the Arctic coast, may be kept in the residential schools for as long as eight or nine years, beginning at the age of seven. During this period some of them never see their parents, and all lose touch with their natural way of life. (3) There is absolutely no disinterestedness in any medical, social service, or educational work undertaken by the missionaries; proselytism is behind it all. More time is devoted to religious instruction and observance in the school curriculum than to anything else. (4) The missionary mind. However well educated be the teacher, nurse, minister or priest, he or she is inevitably fired with the zeal of a reformer, lacking tolerance and sympathy with native ideologies and folkways—else he or she would not be a missionary.
>
> The unbiased observer is therefore led to the conclusion that, while the churches as such need not be interfered with in the north, the natives would be better off if their schools and hospitals were divorced from missionary control, made non-sectarian, and consolidated under a government agency.

Mr Finnie asserts that in the United States schools and hospitals for Indians are now maintained by the government, and missionaries who go among the Indians "do so entirely on their own." Though he makes some criticisms, the author thinks that the Administration does pretty well hampered as it is by insufficient appropriations. He does not think that Canada has done nearly as much for the Indians and Eskimos as the United States in Alaska or the Soviets in Siberia. Nor has our government, according to him, done as much as the Soviets to develop farming and stock-raising in the North. He particularly deplores the lack of a single government experimental farm in the Territories. He has also something

to say about geopolitics and the North. He thinks the fur trade should be placed by the government on a sound scientific basis: and he has something to say about the traders' practice of giving credit to natives. *Canada Moves North* is a book which should be read by all Canadians who wish to inform themselves about the North. They should not, we believe, accept all Mr Finnie's conclusions on controversial questions *au pied de la lettre*, obviously sincere though they may be, without first informing themselves concerning contrary views.

We shall have to give less space to Vilhjalmur Stefansson's *Greenland* than to Mr Finnie's book,—and less than it deserves—simply because the one deals with Canada, the other, this time, does not. Nevertheless Canadians do not need to be reminded that since the war Greenland has become a country whose security and welfare concerns them. The author gives a fascinating account of the history of Greenland, in the course of which he discusses and accepts the interesting theory that the Greenland region or at least the broken ice that bounds Greenland was discovered by the Massilian Greek, Pytheas, in 325 B.C., while rounding the north coast of Iceland. The author identifies *Thule* of Pytheas with Iceland rather than Norway, and he discusses the possibility that Pytheas may have seen the peaks of the Scoresby region or of the Blosseville coast; Mr Stefansson is inclined to think Pytheas did not. (If historians go on like this pushing back the date of the discovery of the New World, we may find presently that the white man discovered America before he discovered Europe.) Mr Stefansson's account of the early settlement of Greenland by Icelanders during and following 985 down to the disappearance of the colonists around 1500 is the most interesting part of the book. As to the mystery of the disappearance of the colonists, the author holds the view that they did not "disappear" but were simply absorbed by Eskimo heathendom—a gradual process which took place from 1300 to 1600.

We have, then, from old published records all the way down to and through recent archaeological finds, continuous support for the view that the gradually fading European culture overlapped by at least a century and a half the revival of westward enterprise which followed Cabot and Columbus. Thus physical traits of the ten thousand medieval Norse colonists never have disappeared from Greenland; they have merely been wrongly identified during the last two centuries when they have been considered wholly the result of modern intermarriage between Eskimos and Europeans.

The last chapters in the book deal with Greenland in the twentieth century, and references to the circumstances of the American occupation during this war bring the story up to date.

In the field of *belles lettres* it is pleasant to record another book of autobiographical sketches by Emily Carr and another by Stephen Leacock. Emily Carr's *The Book of Small* is almost as interesting in its own way as was *Klee Wyck*; here there is less about Indians and the British Columbian coast and more about the author's own childhood in Victoria. There is humour and an unobtrusive nostalgia—but never the wrong sort of sentimentality—in her word pictures of a victorian childhood in British Columbia of the eighties. In *My Remarkable Uncle* one does not have to dig far to find the Leacock vein. Autobiographical sketches alternate with essays on names and titles in fiction ("What's in a name"), on "the saving grace of humour—is there any?" and—in sober vein—on "the British soldier." We venture to quote a passage from "Three Score and Ten," which blends Leacockian humour and Leacockian seriousness.

> Yet there is something to be said even here for the mentality of age. Old people grow kinder in their judgment of others. They are able to comprehend, even if not to pardon, the sins and faults of others. If I hear of a man robbing a cash register of the shop where he works, I think I get the idea. He wanted the cash. If I read of a man burning down his store to get the insurance, I see that what he wanted was the insurance. He had nothing against the store. Yet somehow, just when I am reflecting on my own kindliness I find myself getting furious with a waiter for forgetting the Worcester sauce.
>
> This is the summary of the matter that as for old age there's nothing to it, for the individual looked at by himself. It can only be reconciled with our view of life insofar as it has something to pass on, the new life of children and of grandchildren, or if not that, at least some recollection of good deeds, or of something done that may give one the hope to say, *non omnis moriar* (I shall not altogether die.)
>
> Give me my stick. I'm going out on to
> No Man's Land. I'll face it.

Let us hope that Stephen Leacock will put back his stick. We cannot spare him for walks like that at present.

J. G. Sime's *Orpheus in Quebec* is an essay in prophesy. The author proposes "to outline very briefly what, in my view, may be expected to emerge in the way of art from the corner of Canada that I know best"—namely, Quebec. This essay is both lively and thoughtful. It is a venture in the kind of thinking about his own country and its significance which, for the "genius" of the future, will be a preliminary to the creation of a Canadian literary master-

piece. *Sketches from Life* by Fletcher Ruark contains a number of short essays among which two on the psychology of creation in art ("The Function of Poetry" and "Creative Power") are specially worth attention though the shortness of the essays cannot do justice to the vast claims of such subjects. *It Happened to Me* by A. M. Hill is a small volume of reminiscences by a Presbyterian minister. The chapter entitled "A Minister of Finance goes down to Defeat" is the most interesting. In *That Reminds Me of N. A. P.* by *M. E. M.*, the daughter of Dr N. A. Powell (author of "A Country Doctor") gives reminiscenses, serious and gay, of her father. *Holidaying in Canada on the Ottawa River* by S. Rupert Broadfoot, K.C. is an attractively bound scrapbook of patriotic paragraphs, poems and speeches culled here and there. In *I Lived in Paradise* Margaret A. Galloway gives a ruminative account of the childhood of an average child in an average pioneer town of the West.

A Million Miles from Ottawa by Gwen Cash is an informal and breezy account in diary form of the everyday life and war-time thoughts of the inhabitants of Vancouver Island during February, March and April of 1942. Vancouver Island could be bombed and was shelled by a Japanese submarine, and the author wants the rest of Canada to be aware of the implications of that fact. She writes the book, "lest there be no more spring on Vancouver Island, and because some people in far-off, badly bombed Britain still think of it as a peaceful oasis in a world at war." The few shells lobbed on the coast of Vancouver Island ought to awake Canadians whose imaginations are too sluggish to perceive that the danger to the Pacific coast is real, but a few shells will hardly convince the badly-bombed British that Canadian soil is not still a peaceful oasis in a world at war. Relatively it is a peaceful oasis—so far.

We turn now to two books which deal with different aspects of education.

The Modern Elementary School by Alexander B. Currie is a well-reasoned and sane exposition of modern aims and classroom procedures in primary education. Those who are interested in the education of young Canadians in "the free way of life"—can any Canadian citizen afford not to be?—will find here a clear statement of the way in which gifted teachers in the "enterprise schools" embody that aim in their practical classroom methods.

On *Sweet Singing in the Choir* by J. Frederic Staton, Mr J. Campbell McInnes has kindly furnished a brief note:

"In this book we find the practical experiences of a broadly cultured musician, who places before his readers the mature judgments that come from long and close relations with youthful strivings in singing, towards artistic realities. Teachers of the young will find the book not only engaging to read, but, as the author hopes, stimulating to their endeavours. Dr Staton writes as an enthusiast for the human values in music, so that what he says strikes the reader as necessary and inevitable. Specially noteworthy are his comments on music as a normal part of education for the young and on the value of the competition Festivals of Music, and his hints to accompanists. Most significant of all is his comment on the importance of the verbal values of the music in language, to the language of music in the art of singing. For those who teach and do not sing, as for those who sing and do not teach, the book would be an admirable *vade mecum*."

The remaining books in this section are related directly or indirectly to religion, or at least (as in the case of *Intention and Survival*) they discuss matters, the implications of which come within the scope of religion.

The final two volumes of *Thinking through the Bible* by Rev. John McNicol deal with the New Testament. The author's approach to the Bible is stated in his preface: "By the term 'Bible' is meant the Book through which God speaks, not the 'documents' or the 'sources' from which the writers may have drawn their material. The spiritual world in the Bible, the world from which God speaks, is not discovered by a critical search for the sources behind the Scriptures, but by patient and reverent meditation upon the contents of the Bible itself." Three books of religious meditations, each of them of service in its own way, offer the Christian messages of help and comfort. These are *Good News* by Roland F. Palmer, S.S.J.E., *Leaves of Healing* by Archer Wallace, and *Love's Bleeding Heart* by T. Christie Innes.

In *Intention and Survival*, J. D. Hamilton, M.A., compiles and edits studies in psychical research by the late T. Glen Hamilton, M.D., F.A.C.S. The subtitle is "psychical research studies and the bearing of intentional actions by trance personalities on the problem of human survival." To the latter the term "metapsychics" is given, and the preliminary chapter of the book, written by Dr T. Glen Hamilton, is a condensed historical survey of the study of metapsychics. Dr Hamilton's integrity of purpose and

his determination to use "as far as possible" the methods of science in his investigations are vouched for by testimonials which command respect, and also by the fact that he was invited to address a large meeting of delegates of the British Medical Association in 1930. Whatever people may think of the various hypotheses advanced by students of "metapsychics," few reasonable people would deny that a dispassionate and duly critical study of the validity of psychical phenomena is a legitimate field of enquiry for trained and unprejudiced scientists. Laymen who, like this reviewer, have no special qualifications for psychical research, may be tempted to quote what Chaucer said of Palamon's departed spirit:

> His spirit chaunged hous, and wente ther,
> As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher.
> Therfor I stinte, I nam no divinistre;
> Of soules finde I nat in this registre,
> Ne me ne list thilke opiniouns to telle
> Of hem, though that they wreyten wher they dwelle.

In *Five Points for Africa*, Margaret Wrong, who as secretary of a sub-committee of the International Missionary Council has made a number of journeys in different parts of Africa, endorses the five standards (laid down by Pope Pius XII) by which economic situations and proposals may be tested, and she discusses their application to human affairs in Africa: this is a thought-provoking and challenging book.

Two pamphlets dealing with the history of contemporary movements in religion remain to be recorded in this section. The first of these, *A Primer of Disciple History in Canada* by Reuben Butchart records the history of the "Disciples of Christ" from the formation of that religious body in the United States in 1809 under the guidance of Thomas and Alexander Campbell and Barton W. Stone, down to the present time. *Twenty-One Years A-Building* by Ernest A. Dale is a short account of the Student Christian Movement in Canada; it will be of special interest to university readers.

II

Four books of scholarly effort in the field of English literature have appeared during the year: an anthology, an edition of a work of Aelfric, a discussion of classroom methods of teaching literature, and Arthur Barker's important volume on *Milton and the Puritan*

Dilemma, a full-length review of which will appear in the July issue of the QUARTERLY.

E. K. Brown's admirable anthology, *Victorian Poetry*, is designed for the needs of advanced undergraduate courses. In the conviction "that such courses are coming more and more to concentrate on the performance of the major figures and to present the others briefly," the anthologist has devoted 574 out of 744 pages to five poets: Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He has included an unusual number of longer poems as well as long selections from such book-length poetic works as "The Ring and the Book" and "The Earthly Paradise." In the perspective of fifty years, the major poets of the Victorian era stand out clearly; the selection of the principal minor figures is, however, still a matter of difficulty and in some cases even of controversy. All the claimants for inclusion cannot be chosen if any of them is to be represented adequately. Most people will agree that the choice of Christina Rossetti, Morris, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Clough, Fitzgerald and perhaps George Meredith, is an excellent one, even at the cost of omitting such poets as Francis Thompson, "B. V.," and Coventry Patmore. The inclusion of Housman and Hardy as Victorians in spirit is probably justifiable, though most of Hardy's poetry appeared in our century, while Housman was read as a contemporary in the 1920's. At the other end of the time span it would obviously be absurd to include the last poems of Wordsworth as Victorian, but what of such work as Landor's *Hellenics*? But we are far from cavilling at Professor Brown's choice of authors and of poems; the choice is usually admirable and always reasoned. The inclusion of three pages of Gerard Manley Hopkins—would there were even more of him!—is specially apt in view of our discovery—or at least our re-discovery—of that poet. The Introduction to the anthology is a happy combination of breadth in scope and compactness in execution. The author's critique of Victorian poetry is lucidly arranged under the following headings: realism, objectivity, drama and dramatic monologue, stanza and metre, diction, thought, the idea of evolution and the higher criticism. The notes on the text and the bibliography are ample without being burdensome.

Professor W. H. Clawson contributes the following note on Aelfric's *De Temporibus anni*, edited by Heinrich Henel.

"This little Anglo-Saxon treatise on popular science was written by Aelfric between two longer and more formal works, the *Homilies* and the *Lives of the Saints*. It conveyed to the general reader information on the world we live in—the construction of the universe according to the Ptolemaic system, the motions of the sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars, the divisions of the day and year, the nature of the four elements. In mediaeval fashion, Aelfric accepts without question the findings of earlier authorities. He is, however, very mistrustful of popular superstitions. As a theologian, he often draws illustrations from the Bible.

"Professor Henel's edition is the fourth to appear, but the first to be based on all the eight manuscripts. Of these he gives a full description, with a discussion of their relationships and a reproduction of a page of Cambridge MS. Gg. 3. 28 (on which his text is based) and of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge MS. 367. Accepting the arguments of previous scholars that the work is Aelfric's, he points out that a statement in the text about the brightness of summer nights in the north of England, 'as we ourselves have often seen,' is evidence that Aelfric had lived in the north and possibly came from there instead of being a native of Wessex.

"The text is printed on the left-hand pages, with variants, and on the right-hand pages are the Latin sources, from Bede, Isidore, and the Vulgate, with remoter parallels from Latin and Old English authors at the foot of the page. The arrangement shows clearly that Aelfric used various authorities and simplified his material for popular consumption. In the notes Professor Henel supplies interesting information on mediaeval science and folk-lore as a background for the text. His edition is a scholarly piece of work and a useful contribution to the series."

While *Poetic Pilgrimage* by B. C. Diltz is specially designed for teachers of English literature in high schools, it should be stimulating to everyone interested in the teaching of literature whether or not they agree with every one of the principles of a basic philosophy for the teaching of English which Professor Diltz sets forth. These principles, having been stated in theory, are illustrated in practice by examples of classroom discussions of poems, biblical passages and Shakespearean plays. In these dialogues between teacher and pupils, the teacher, by adroitly framed questions and comments as well as by quickness of wit in making use of pupils'

answers, leads the latter to apprehend and assimilate the imaginative experience contained in the poem. These dialogues do suggest admirably what may be accomplished, at least in part, by a gifted teacher who has a clear conception of the values of poetry, who plans his procedure carefully, and who controls it skilfully in execution. Probably the author would himself readily admit that these dialogues like all imaginary conversations are permitted to reveal an ideal perfection in illustrating and furthering the author's purpose (and through his, the teacher's pedagogic purpose). They reveal a perfection which exists in art, but hardly in life: here the stupid or the indifferent does not crowd the discussion into a blind alley, and even the passing incomprehensions of his pupils are of a sort to further the teacher's majestic march to his goal of "making a synthesis of the parts." But the fact that these are conversations between an ideal teacher and ideal students does not detract from their value as an ideal representation of a method that must be applied within the limits of human fallibility to humanly imperfect students. If Plato had been less an artist and more a factual reporter, we should learn, no doubt, that Socrates did not always hold Polemarchus, Thrasymachus, and the rest of his eager followers, in the hollow of his hand. Professor Diltz's passages of argument and exposition are interesting and provocative. At times he is too belligerent. In the following passage for instance he has provided himself with two pieces of wood—a chip for the shoulder, and a cudgel for the fist: "If the departments of English in the universities profess that their chief interest and purpose is the liberation of genius for the pursuance of research, the training of the talents of would-be teachers can hardly be expected to come within the range of their ambitions." It is possible that not a few individual lecturers in universities do come justly within the range of Professor Diltz's asperity, but I doubt whether any department of English ever has or ever would take so lop-sided a view of the purpose of education. In these days a growing number of educationists will sympathize with the author's impatience at "scientific" analysis, adapted to the study of literature and made "an end in itself," they will share the author's belief that poetry should not be reduced to its separate ingredients in order to teach these parts to mystified pupils; and they will be in sympathy with his effort to show how "the analysable parts of poetry may be unified and co-ordinated, integrated and synthesized, into an effective

whole." The author tells us that the main purpose of his book is to show a method of teaching literature by which it may be possible "to build a synthesis of life and literature, of living and reading, and to make the whole process of education in literature constructive, creative, and qualitative." His method, in the hands of a good teacher, will at least help the best students to accomplish a partial synthesis—the whole of a lifetime would be too short for anyone to build a complete synthesis of his own life and of literature.

We turn next to two books dealing, the one with a special, the other with a larger aspect of an ancient culture. Professor W. R. Taylor has furnished the following note on *Horus, Royal God of Egypt* by Samuel A. B. Mercer:

"The study of the religion of the Egyptians, except within the period of the Empire, has suffered through a lack of co-ordination and interpretation of the mass of heterogeneous material pertaining to the subject. The temptation to substitute an encyclopaedic register of the isolated facts for a coherent exposition of their significance is real and intelligible in view of the enormous difficulties which confront a researcher in the field. By confining his attention to the fortunes and the cultic associations of the great god Horus the author has been able to construct out of a vast complex of archaeological data a realistic and convincing account of the processes through which Egyptian religion reached historical forms. The rationalization, even if at many points based on results still highly speculative, is sound in method and in conception. Whether Horus came from beyond the Red Sea *via* the Wadi Hammâmât with the people who created the Badarian Culture into Egypt and, eventually, to the Western Delta to begin his career, and whether he was originally a sky-god or an animal-god or fetish are questions easier to raise than to answer. But, as Professor Mercer shows, the myths and legends of Horus in his friendly associations with Osiris and Re and in his enmity against Set, the god of southern Egypt, reflect the history of the conflicts between Lower and Upper Egypt and of the changing political fortunes of Egypt that led to the First and Second Unions. On the other hand, the evolution in the symbols of Horus, his identification with some gods and his association with others, and the theological structures supporting his cult give us insight into the attempts of ancient scholarly priests to systematize their polytheism and to initiate a movement which eventually effloresces in Akhenaten's monotheism. One might

question the need of citing in such a serious book some *outrè* conjectures such as the hypothesis of a Hurrian origin for Horus or of a Cretan one for Osiris. But, however the expert may take issue with certain details or aspects of Professor Mercer's construction, the fact remains that he has presented to students and laymen one of the most satisfactory introductions to Egyptian religion in English."

The following note on *Chinese Jews* by William Charles White in collaboration with Ronald James Williams is contributed by Professor K. C. Evans:

"This book contains the most exhaustive treatment yet made of a remarkable and hitherto little known episode in Jewish history, and much of the material here presented is available to English readers for the first time. The presence of these Jewish people in China, their freedom to practise their religion, and the preference of some of their number to official positions also illustrate the tolerance which is characteristic of the Chinese during the greater part of their history. In volume II are reproduced four important Chinese inscriptions, dated between 1489 A.D. and 1679 A.D., which were originally set up in the synagogue in K'ai-fêng, Honan, and also a collection of documents written in Hebrew. In the translations of the Hebrew writings Professor White has been assisted by Mr Ronald J. Williams. In volume III are collected all available data on the genealogical tables of this community. Volume I, which is to appear in May, 1943, will contain a discussion of the history of the Chinese Jews, up to the time of their extinction at about 1851 A.D."

Mr D. W. Buchanan has contributed the following note on books relating to the arts in Canada:[1]

"Two brochures have appeared on Thoreau MacDonald: the one is a brief tribute by Dr Lorne Pierce, with illustrations; the other by E. R. Hunter, in the Canadian Art Series, is well illustrated with representative examples of the artist's work with the brush, with pen and ink, or with pencil. In *The Picture Gallery of Canadian History* (vol. I—to 1763), C. W. Jefferys, with the assistance of T. W. McLean, has made a pictorial record of early

[1]*Canada: The Foundations of its Future*, the text of which is reviewed in these pages, is beautifully illustrated by Canadian artists. It is unfortunate that we did not receive a copy of this privately published book in time for Mr Buchanan to review it in this paragraph on the fine arts.

Canadian history and of Indian and French-Canadian culture, partly by collecting illustrative material and partly by spirited original drawings of his own.

"The landscape artist, A. Y. Jackson has done some illustrations for a volume on the St. Lawrence, which appeared in the series 'The Rivers of America' published in New York. The blithe freedom of the decoration which he did for the end papers deserves mention. Here in broad sweeping lines is the breath-taking St. Lawrence landscape as you see it from the heights of Les Eboulements. His work within the text proper was, however, not always so felicitous for a reason having partly to do with the layout. The publishers could have made a clearer attempt to relate typesetting and drawings. As far as good printing of this nature goes one recollects that the firm of Louis Carrier, Montreal, during its lifetime, did much better work in its use of wood-blocks by Edwin Holgate in *Other Days, Other Ways*. Yet such criticism is incidental, for one is thankful for any assignments given our leading artists by the publishing trade; here, too, one should not forget the wood-blocks Frank Carmichael did recently for the Canadian novel, *The Thorn-Apple Tree*. Also Thoreau MacDonald has definitely made a niche for himself in book printing with his designs for end pieces and chapter headings in which he uses, for themes, scenes from the Ontario and Quebec landscape."

III

This section gives an account of scholarship in the social sciences and in the field of international relations.

A significant feature of the books on social studies published during the year is the considerable number that deal with international affairs and particularly with the international relations of Canada. Two volumes appear in the series sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace on the relations of Canada and the United States, *British Columbia and the United States* and *The Red River Valley, 1811-1849*. In the first of these monographs Messrs Howay, Sage and Angus trace the intricate relations between the two countries over the last century and a half, and in doing so marshal the salient facts of the early fur trade in its international aspects, compare the overland and maritime fur trading, explain the influences which led to the early

colonization of Vancouver Island, assess the effects of the many gold rushes, retell the story of transcontinental railway building in British Columbia, examine the rise to commercial importance of douglas fir and sockeye salmon, and wind up by discussing what they call "the age of the good neighbours," the less contentious period between the Alaska boundary award and the present. Most of this book is concerned with the attempts of Americans as well as Canadians to exploit the rich natural resources of British Columbia and the international disputes incidental thereto. It illustrates effectively how much modern British Columbia, specially its southern regions, has been the product of colonization and social pressure from the United States.

> The vast majority of the prospectors and miners came from the United States. This was true in the case of the early gold rushes and nowhere more evident than in the Wild Horse and Big Bend excitements of the 1860's. The whole mining movement in the Kootenays and the boundary country during the last two decades of the nineteenth and first decade of the twentieth century originated south of the international boundary and came north as claim after claim was staked. Practically all of the early capital was American, although British and Canadian capital came in during the later nineties [p. 265].

Thanks to its plural authorship *British Columbia and the United States* is not as highly unified as is desirable, and in some chapters needless space is devoted to the commonplaces of anecdotal history. Yet its general significance is apparent, for it presents the most adequate story hitherto of one important Canadian frontier, and closely relates the development of this frontier to life in the neighbouring United States.

The Red River Valley, 1811-1849 by John Perry Pritchett, who incidentally is not a Canadian, is of much less general significance. It also treats of the trans-border influences in a specific and distinguished region, but it is restricted in time to less than fifty years of history and the content has less variety and human interest than the history of the Pacific slope. It is a meticulous and scholarly work, highly documental, and the light which it throws on Lord Selkirk and his settlement will be welcomed by historical students.

Three highly significant books on the history of Canadian external relations, reviewed in a previous issue of the QUARTERLY and hence only noted here, are *Canada at the Paris Peace Conference* and *Canadian External Relations: An Historical Study to 1914* by Professor G. P. de T. Glazebrook, and *The Unguarded Frontier: A History of American-Canadian Relations* by Professor Edgar W.

McInnis. Not the least difficulty of Professor Glazebrook in *Canada at the Paris Peace Conference* was to find enough evidence to illustrate what the Canadian representatives did at Paris, and he performs a task as well as the paucity of material permitted. *Canadian External Relations: An Historical Study to 1914* is a work of greater scope and importance. It endeavours to state and assess the basic historical forces which over the last century determined Canada's external relations. The author makes full and shrewd use of the abundant monographic literature that has accumulated in the last twenty-five years. His judgment is sane, and he does not try to twist history into any *a priori* thesis. His writing is sober and clear. *The Unguarded Frontier* by Edgar W. McInnis is a history of American-Canadian relations from the early era when Canada was ruled by the king of France to the present day. The study rests mainly on secondary authorities, but is significant for its clear writing and skilful organization of material.

In *Post-War Worlds* Professor P. E. Corbett of McGill University surveys in lucid English the principal problems in creating an international organization to ensure peace. He takes a hasty glance at the League of Nations, assesses the forces which affected its functioning, pays tribute to the significance of its experiment, touches lightly upon the federal schemes from those of Aristide Briand to those of Lionel Curtis and Clarence Streit, describes briefly the Inter-American System, examines the projects for settling international disputes on a regional basis, and concludes with the best chapters of the book, concerned with the necessity for a new concept of international law, supranational courts, supranational legislation and supranational administration. The book is free from dogmatism, and, while the author has his own definite views, his principal concern is to make clear the crucial problems which will confront men in building an international order after the war. His own proposal is for a highly revised League of Nations, or more truly a World Commonwealth with specific political authority to deal with interests transcending national and regional boundaries, an authority sufficient to make its enactments binding upon members. Different in character is *Peace by Power*, a brilliant essay by Lionel Gelber written to demonstrate that the present war, like other great wars in modern history, is fought to decide where predominant power is to dwell. Mr Gelber rightly enough contends that if his central theme is accepted, the issues of revo-

lutionary reform and post-war reconstruction must be dealt with by reference to decisions that will ensure enduring power to the democracies, rather than by reference to social ideals however attractive that would weaken the basis of such power. This essay goes to the roots of the problem of contemporary international order, and is a challenging piece of writing on international affairs. The style is often too flamboyant, and wordy, but Mr Gelber strikes off many a memorable sentence.

Canada has been a participant in two schemes of extranational significance, the League of Nations and the British Commonwealth of Nations. Professor John Humphrey, in *The Inter-American System*,[1] suggests that she should also take an interest in yet another system, that of the Pan-American states, and presents a fairly strong case for Canadian participation in this hemispheric scheme. Obviously, the first step is for Canada to acquire some knowledge of the history and ideology of the Pan-American movement, and hence Professor Humphrey traces at length the growth of the Pan-American system. He shows that the inauguration of the Good Neighbour policy has changed the situation of the United States *vis-à-vis* her southern neighbours, and calls for a re-examination of Canada's attitude to the Pan-American Union.

Professor Humphrey considers the arguments pro and con Canadian participation. Controversy centres round two points, (*a*) the compatibility of Canadian membership in the Pan-American Union with her position as a member of the British Commonwealth, and (*b*) the strength of Canadian interests in the American hemisphere. In general Professor Humphrey strongly defends the former proposition. Regarding Canadian interests, he points out that, although Canadian trade with the Latin American countries is not of great consequence, the enormous new interest taken in South American markets since the outbreak of war cannot be ignored. At any rate the similarity of Canadian export problems to those of many South American republics suggests that Canada cannot afford to exclude herself from the common solutions that may be reached through the Inter-American Development Committee or the Inter-American Financial and Economic Advisory Committee. Apart from her economic interests, Canada also has an interest in Pan-American defense schemes, particularly after assuming commitments for defence of the "northern half of the Western hemi-

[1]The note on this book is submitted by Miss Lorna Savage.

sphere" in the Ogdensburg Agreement. Critics of Professor Humphrey's position who insist that Canada must stay out of the Pan-American Union because it is necessarily isolationist do perhaps less than justice to the discussion in the book of the potentialities of regional organization. While not under-estimating the exclusively American character of the Pan-American Union in the past, Professor Humphrey argues that such regional systems may have a role to play in conjunction with schemes of world federation. This book was written prior to Pearl Harbour. Events since then, particularly the anti-Axis stand of all the American republics except Argentina, have changed the situation in many ways, but the essentials of the argument remain.

Another book which may be classed broadly among the studies on international affairs is *Soviet Asia* by Raymond A. Davies and Andrew J. Steiger. Mr Davies is a Canadian journalist, and his collaborator is an American who was formerly attached to the Moscow Bureau of the *New York Times*. *Soviet Asia* is journalistic writing, readable and informative. Every miscellaneous scrap of information on Russian Asia is taken by the authors as suitable grist for their mill. We are given some facts about the habits of Lenin when he was an exile in Siberia, and within a few pages are reading descriptions of modern industry in Kazakhstan. One does not find in this book careful integration of the varied information or a rigorous and scholarly analysis, but the authors are skilful enough in presenting the facts likely to interest the general reader. The primary value of the book for Canadians dwells in its broad assessment of Soviet resources within Asia, especially in the northern area corresponding to the Canadian northland.

Two general books on Canada, intended for the unspecialized reader, are *Canada Today and Tomorrow* by William Henry Chamberlin, an American journalist, and *The Unknown Country* by Bruce Hutchison, a Canadian journalist resident in British Columbia. *Canada Today and Tomorrow* makes no pretension to originality either in information or interpretation. Intended to provide a general picture of Canada, it is mainly impressionistic, the product of travels by the author across the Dominion, conversations with many Canadians and a reading of some of the more obvious studies of Canadian life. For a book of its kind, it deserves moderate praise. Mr Chamberlin says merely the obvious things, but his use of the obvious shows the judgment and skill that one would

expect from a highly experienced journalist. The Americans who read this book will not be misled in any major respect; they are not likely, however, to become greatly excited about Canada. *The Unknown Country* is also an impressionistic volume, but written with much more verve and power, and with fresher and more penetrating observations on Canadian political life. The author undertakes a much less complete survey of the Canadian scene than William Chamberlin, and his work is singularly unplanned, but, what he does, he does with more enthusiasm. In plain terms he is a booster for Canada, particularly for British Columbia, and a convincing booster. His descriptions of scenery in Quebec and the country on the Pacific coast make the reader eager to see what he has seen, Vivid writing likewise brings the political issues into sharp relief. and his portrait of Mr Mackenzie King is on the whole penetrating. In places the judgment is extravagant, and the journalist anxious to create a startling impression gets the better of the sober and accurate analyst. But withal this is an entertaining and worthy book on Canada.

In *The Common Problem* William R. Yendall, a successful business man and public-spirited citizen, active in International Rotary and the Young Men's Christian Association, argues in a laboured manner for liberalism of the older kind. The spirit of the book is reflected in the remark that

> many people are looking forward to a postwar deluge of new legislation to "change everything," but the best thing that could happen would be a five-year holiday, during which the provincial and federal governments of Canada would pass no new legislation whatever—just pass the budget and adjourn. No harm would be done. There are plenty of laws to restrain crimes and misdemeanours, and to protect personal and property rights. We should then have an opportunity to learn that practically all the forces of progress can function better under voluntary private cooperation [p. 289].

On the same theme of liberal philosophy relative to the problems of the age is the essay, *Underneath It All*, by William H. Moore, but it presents much more pungent, brilliant and thought-provoking discussion. Mr Moore is well and long known in Canada as a champion of liberalism, and the present essay is perhaps the best testament which he has written. A very different philosophy is found in the *Strategy for Democracy* by J. S. Kingsley and D. W. Petegorsky, where the emphasis is on "New Deal liberalism" and social democracy. This, however, is hardly a Canadian book al-

though one of its editors is a Canadian. Most of its chapters are written by American scholars and journalists, and the argument has no particular application to Canada.

Mr Leacock has always been gifted with a saving sense of perspective. This he has brought to bear on the essential issues of the present in his recent little book *Our Heritage of Liberty*.[2] In a time of war when history shrinks to news and when the fever of today beclouds the hopes of tomorrow, there is peril of a people simply intensifying their effort when they have forgotten their aim. Hence the author has thought it timely to remind us that the conflict of the moment, unique and all-engrossing as it seems, is all of a piece with the long cause of human freedom in every age, whether the issue be Marathon or the Fair Labour Standards Act. His book, then, is written in fealty to this cause, whose breadth of vision and tempo of achievement, he holds, have both developed enormously since the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the record of this development his own characteristic optimism finds an assured emplacement. Nevertheless, this optimism is not without circumspection when he warns of the aggrandizing tendencies of a competitive industrialism and of the fateful lesions which a misbegotten nationalism, in the future as in the past, is capable of cleaving in the affairs of men.

Dealing with so massive a subject in what is little more than a pamphlet, his treatment is necessarily tangential throughout. But it is none the less significant or crucial for that; nor are the basic allegiances to which the book is dedicated any the less emotionally resonant. What he has to say makes important reading; the punch and pungency with which he says it makes the reading the more compelling.

A number of significant volumes appeared within the year which dealt with the more technical aspects of economics and sociology. No attempt need be made to review them in this survey, but reference is made to reviews in the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*. Chief among these volumes are *The Essentials of Price Theory*[3] by B. S. Keirstead, *Keynesian Economics* by Mabel F. Timlin, *The Social Development of Canada: An Introductory*

[2]The note on this book is submitted by Dr George Edison.

[3]Reviewed in *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, Feb., 1943, 92-6.

Study with Select Documents[4] by S. D. Clark, and *Introduction to Accounting for Students of Economics* by C. A. Ashley.

The year had also its quota of pamphlets on social, political and economic policies and reform. Such are *The "New Order" and Its Problems* by C. W. Peterson, and *War and Reconstruction*, edited by A. R. M. Lower and J. F. Parkinson, which consists of papers read at the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs in August, 1942. The last of these studies takes a wide sweep, dealing in the first part with problems of war administration (finance, selective service and price control), in the second part with the foundations of the new world, and in the third and final section with rebuilding Canada. The papers all tend to be very sketchy and incomplete, but often significant points of view are expressed by men who have given some thought to the problems discussed.

One singular and interesting book not written by a Canadian but about a Canadian movement is *Nova Scotia: Land of Co-operation* by Father Leo R. Ward of Notre Dame College, Indiana. It is not a systematic analysis of the Nova Scotian co-operative movement, but an engaging description by a keen observer of the humble people who became enlisted as co-operators, what they thought of the movement, and what it meant in their lives. It is a highly successful book, written with literary skill and a sympathetic understanding of ordinary people. To be ranked with senior school textbooks is *Canadian Economic Development* by Professor A. W. Currie of the University of British Columbia. The greater part of the volume is devoted to tracing the economic developments in the different regions of Canada. It compresses carefully much information drawn from reliable monographs, but high-school students are not likely to consider it an "exciting" volume.

IV

The books and pamphlets reviewed in this section are all concerned, directly or indirectly, with the war.

The War: Third Year by Edgar McInnis follows the first two annual volumes of his account of contemporary history in the making; it reveals the same scholarship and the same vivid narrative style as the earlier volumes. An appendix contains documents

[4]Reviewed in *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, Feb., 1943, 96-9.

relative to the circumstances in which the United States entered the war: the draft of the Three Powers Pact, that of the United Nations Declaration, that of the Mutual Assistance Agreement between Great Britain and Russia, and that of the agreement between the United States and Russia signed June 11, 1942.

Two books deal with different aspects of Canada's effort in the air war. Leslie Roberts' *Canada's War in the Air*, copiously illustrated by official photographs, tells the story of the planning, organization and accomplishment of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan on Canadian soil by Canada and her partners in the Commonwealth. This book is packed with information which is of permanent historical value. The gathering of so many facts by the author and his associates must, even with the co-operation of the government, have entailed great labour and enthusiasm; the selection of these details and the organizing of them into a coherent account is well done. Without wishing to detract from the merits of a book that certainly deserves praise, one must deplore the absence of a table of contents (there is an index, though) and—though this is less serious—the lack of paragraph indentations, a lack which makes for uncomfortable reading. *Canada's Wings* by Peter J. Field has less to say about the preparation of men and material for the war effort in the air and more about the life and feats of Canadian airmen on active service. The book is a readable piece of journalism.

To be mentioned in this section are the war-time speeches of the Right Honourable Vincent Massey, the majority of which were delivered in broadcasts to Canada. They are now published in a volume under the title *The Sword of Lionheart*. Charles Clay's *So You Want a War Job!* makes sensible suggestions to the many who ask, "What can I do as an individual to help in Canada's war effort?"

Many among the host of pamphlets which throw a light on the intellectual climate of Canada during the third year of the war deserve more than the bare mention permitted by the scope of Letters in Canada. Much of the most interesting writing by Canadian students of contemporary affairs has in late years appeared in such pamphlets as those issued by such bodies as the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the Canadian Association for Adult Education. A brief list of some of the best of this year's pamphlets will indicate the variety of the subjects, most of them connected with the war,

which interested literate Canadians in 1942. The war is in the centre of the picture in *Canada and the Short-Wave War*, *Canada in a Hungry World*, *Price Peg Policies*, *Canadian Women in the War Effort*, *The New Western Front: A Geographical Approach*, and *Will Food Win the War?* Anticipated problems of the post-war world are dealt with in three pamphlets by the same author under the general title, *Canada and the Post-War World*. The problems of unity between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians have caused the appearance of *French Canadian Opinion on the War* and *French Canada and Britain* (a historical interpretation, by Abbé Maheux, reviewed in last year's French-Canadian section of Letters in Canada). Canada's relation to other nations is the subject of *Canada and the United Nations*, *Consider the Record* (Canada and the League of Nations), and *Canada's Role in Geopolitics*. The necessity of re-assessing our own social, economic and spiritual values has produced such pamphlets as *Canada the War and After*, *We Discuss Canada*, and *Democracy Needs Education*. *We Have Been There* (Second Series) is a reprint of radio broadcasts given by observers who have returned from the war zones.

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II. Scholarship Mainly in the Humanities

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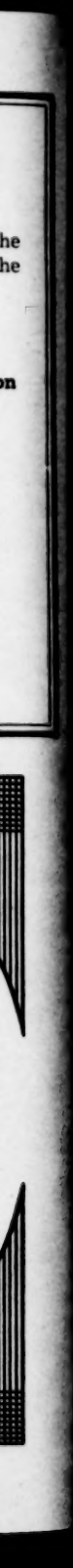
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